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The Week

MR. Roosevelt's acid test is now before him. Both Houses of Congress have in the past week shown a marked tendency to rebel against his leadership, to slow up the pace of legislation, and to take matters into their own hands, as the Senate did in passing the Black thirty-hour-week bill. The real point is that, until now, his measures have been stopgap proposals to meet a great national emergency, and conservative as well as progressive, Republican as well as Democrat, could support them. Now, however, he has come to the parting of the ways. He must either work, broadly speaking, in the interest of the common man, or in that of entrenched wealth. Suddenly his new proposals begin to look alarmingly radical to such great conservative organs as, for instance, The New York Herald Tribune. Before we know it, he will be denounced as a demagogue who proposes, like Robin Hood, to take from the rich and give to the poor. It is true that in a limited sense, some of Mr. Roosevelt's plans are open to that interpretation. It is also true, however, that if he succeeds in restoring prosperity through his plans for enforced activity by means of public works, the whole country will benefit. We have no illusions regarding Mr. Roosevelt's radicalism; but neither have we any regarding the toryism of most big bankers and industrialists. After all, one cannot forget that they dominated Mr. Hoover, who waited years after the depression began before he lifted a finger on behalf of the plain people who are the first and worst victims of hard times.

IF PRICES of wheat continue to rise because of an extraordinarily short winter crop, we shall be interested to know the attitude of those who have opposed the domestic-allotment plan because it aimed to increase prices by restricting output. Do they deplore the same result when it arises from natural causes? Do they regret that wheat prices are rising? Do they believe that farmers and the country would have been better off if they had been able to produce millions of bushels more than they did, to swell the unmarketed surplus and drive prices further down? Do they hold that the present price increase is merely a transfer of purchasing power from the consumer to the farmer, without possibility of stimulating any expanded activity? In order to be logical, they would have to subscribe to all these beliefs. Likewise those other opponents, who opposed the plan because, in their opinion, reduced output would not raise prices under depression conditions, will have some explaining to do. For our part, we regard a short crop imposed by nature as less desirable than one imposed by the human will, if only because its losses and benefits are so unequally distributed according to weather conditions.

MACHADO, the Cuban butcher, outdid himself on Good Friday. At least seven young men were murdered that day by his gangsters, without trial, on suspicion of being opposed to his regime. Two of them were killed in broad daylight, in a fashionable district of Havana, before numerous witnesses including the correspondent of The New York Times. It is not surprising that in view of the mounting list of such acts, many Americans believe that intervention by the United States will soon become inevitable. Nevertheless, such intervention should be avoided if it is possible to do so. Military occupations which begin with the best of motives

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often continue from motives which are less good; and however bad are the conditions in Cuba, the rest of Latin America would quickly forget our intentions and return to the old suspicion and hostility which recent policies have done much to eradicate. Reports from Washington say that the Roosevelt administration is considering a substitute plan in regard to Cuba. If Machado will step out, and be replaced by a civilized government which is at least in some respect responsive to the popular will, the United States will help restore Cuba's prosperity by guaranteeing a definite proportion of the American sugar market. It is a bold plan, which might or might not work; but it is so much better than any alternative that we should like to see it tried.

NOTHING could be more ironical than the action of Judge James E. Horton of Alabama in postponing indefinitely the trials of the remaining Scottsboro defendants. He did so on the ground that a remark made in New York City by Samuel Leibowitz, one of the defense counsel, had made a fair trial in Alabama at present impossible. Mr. Leibowitz's remark, which has been widely quoted, referred to the jurors in the first trial, that of Haywood Patterson. He said:

> If you ever saw those creatures, those bigots, whose mouths are slits in their faces, whose eyes pop out at you like frogs, whose chins drip tobacco juice, bewhiskered and filthy, you would not ask how they could do it.

The irony lies in the fact that the defense has insisted all along that a fair trial was impossible in Decatur or in any other Alabama town where conditions were approximately the same as those in Scottsboro. Moreover, all friends of the defendants have hoped for a postponement of the remaining cases until that of Patterson could be appealed to the State and United States Supreme Courts.

MR. Leibowitz was indiscreet in the extreme to speak as he did and, were it not for the special circumstances surrounding the case, his remark would have been wholly inexcusable. But for two weeks he had labored under the emotional strain of conducting a capital trial in a city where he believed his own life to be in constant danger from the mob. Every day in the mail he received threats of lynching. In the courtroom he listened while Solicitor Wade Wright declared that the witnesses had been "bought with Jew money from New York." His indiscretion, after all, was committed a thousand miles from Alabama after the trial was over, while that of Solicitor Wright took place in the courtroom and helped to sentence Patterson to death for a crime which surely no sensible person now believed he committed. Judge Horton conducted the trial with scrupulous fairness; and his statement on the occasion of ordering the postponement is a spirited and dignified defense of Southern justice. Yet after all, what does he say? He says that Alabama jurors, in resentment against a few ill chosen words spoken in heat by a lawyer in New York City, would sentence eight Negroes to die, guilty or innocent. One can imagine a commonwealth so zealous of its reputation for justice that a challenge like that of Mr. Leibowitz would make it all the more passionately resolved to be fair; but on Judge Horton's word, that commonwealth is not rural Alabama.

IT IS encouraging to find the administration devoting its attention to the subject of real banking reform, but it is anything but encouraging that the Glass bill should be the result. This bill, still in committee as this issue goes to press, provides for a $2,000 million corporation capitalized by subscription of the Treasury, the Federal Reserve Banks and the commercial banks, to insure bank deposits. Fortunately there is delay because of a fight about the terms of eligibility to the benefits of the insurance: Representative Steagall is holding out against Senator Glass for inclusion of state banks, regardless of whether or not they are members of the Federal Reserve System. Meanwhile, opposition is converging upon the two fatal weaknesses of the scheme. In the first place, the bill has been falsely advertised as a guarantee of bank deposits. This it certainly is not. The total resources of the protective corporation would be approximately one-twentieth of the total bank deposits. Precisely the same sort of protective fund was tried in several Western states until the bank crisis demonstrated its insufficiency. After application to a few of the sore spots, the fund was exhausted. When banks thereafter failed, the effects were all the more shocking and severe. In the second place, it is nothing less than a premium on unsound banking, of which we have seen quite enough, to vest responsibility for bank deposits, either partial or entire, in any agency without giving it a corresponding degree of authority over the banks. The New Republic believes and has often said that the stability of bank deposits is so grave a matter of public concern that the government should guarantee every cent of them. To assume this guarantee, however, without simultaneously assuming complete control of all commercial banks would be as great a threat to national credit as it would be a fatal calamity to the cause of sound and legitimate banking.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt is usually so adroit in diplomacy that a blunder on his part is far more noticeable than it was in the days of the inept Mr. Hoover. Such a blunder was the selection of Josephus Daniels to be Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Daniels, personally the kindliest of men, was Secretary of the Navy under Wilson (when President Roosevelt, by the way, was Assistant Secretary). It was in the Wilson era that Vera Cruz was shelled. If the United States had forgotten this, some Mexicans hadn't; and they have been objecting to the appointment as loudly as they

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could ever since it was announced. The Mexican government having endorsed Mr. Daniels, however, this country could hardly be expected, as diplomacy goes, to withdraw him; so he will have to sit tight and hope that the people who have been shouting themselves purple in the face about him will presently get hoarse and stop.

FOR many years, the shrewdest and most pertinacious critic of the government's Indian policy has been Mr. John Collier, secretary of the American Indian Defense Association. Day in and day out he has fought for the Indians, exposed the numerous attempts to rob them (often made with the connivance or participation of those officially nominated as their protectors) and publicly urged policies rooted in justice. Now Mr. Collier has been nominated to be head of the Indian Bureau in the Department of the Interior. The nomination is a challenge to the critic to practise what he has been preaching. It also chooses for one of the most difficult posts in the government a man who for many years has spent nearly all his time in close study of the problems with which the Indian Commissioner is confronted. As we write, Mr. Collier has not yet been confirmed; but we take for granted that this choice will be approved by the Senate and that a new deal for the Indians will at last begin.

IN A truly civilized community, there would be no such thing as private manufacture of arms and ammunition. Such a community would say that only the state could be trusted to produce the instrumentalities of murder under conditions which would not incite to their use and it would undoubtedly forbid entirely their export to any other country. Such a policy would have far more to recommend it than does the arms-embargo resolution which has just passed the House. This resolution empowers the President at his discretion, and with the coöperation of as many or as few other countries as he sees fit, to suspend the export of munitions to any part of the world where their presence might "provoke or encourage the use of force in a dispute" between nations. Such a proposal may sound comparatively harmless and of pacific intent; but actually it is packed with trinitrotoluol. In effect, it would give the President power to declare war, which he has heretofore been unable to do without the consent of Congress. Since he could agree with other nations upon an arms boycott, it would also permit him to make alliances without the approval of the Senate.

REPUTABLE experts predicted, in testimony before a congressional committee, that this resolution would embroil the United States in war "within thirty days"; and while their estimate of the danger may have been excessive, there is no doubt that it might produce a serious situation between, for example, the United States and Japan. An astonishing number of otherwise sensible people believe that peace can be maintained through the use of force. It is our earnest judgment that in the present state of world opinion this is an illusion. The Great Powers want peace; but even more they want to achieve their own ends at whatever cost. With their present policies, embargoes and boycotts of any kind are a danger to peace, not a guarantee against war.

THE great Hearst-Curtis "Buy American" movement goes ahead, undaunted by the fact that the overwhelming majority of the country's reputable economists denounce the doctrine as mere voodoo. As we have several times pointed out, these publishers are such economic innocents that they believe international trade is a one-way affair, that we can buy foreign goods without selling our own products abroad. Their specific plea is that countries off the gold standard can sell in the United States at such low prices that Americans cannot possibly compete. Unfortunately for their argument, there is no evidence whatever that imports from countries which are off the gold standard are increasing any more rapidly than those from countries whose currency is still at par with our own. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, chairman of the Tariff Commission, pointed this out the other day, mentioning a number of cases where imports to the United States from gold-standard countries have lately increased. This is true of gloves from Germany, wool-felt hats from Italy, refined sugar from Cuba and steel from France, Germany, Belgium and Luxemburg. In other words, there is no more sense now in a high-tariff plea than there has been at any time in the past. If you want to see what the "Buy American" plan has done, applied by many other countries during the past few years, take a look at the condition of world trade today.

THE Supreme Court's decision in the Scottsboro case has lately borne fruit in the Middle District of Georgia. On the authority of the Scottsboro decision, Federal Judge Deaver ordered the discharge upon *habeas corpus* of John Downer, a Negro who was convicted in Georgia courts of rape upon the body of a white woman and sentenced to the electric chair. The circumstances of Downer's conviction conform to a pattern all too familiar. At the time of arrest, a lynching was barely averted. A hurried indictment was found. One day later, and only one hour after the prisoner first met the lawyer employed to defend him, he went on trial in a courtroom whose atmosphere was so threatening that the presence of the National Guard was felt to be necessary. Judicial lynching, Judge Deaver held in granting the writ upon a showing of these facts, stands no better under the Constitution than the other kind. So much, so good. But Downer, like the Scottsboro defendants themselves, won only the privilege of defending his life a second time in the state courts. To gain this cost him nineteen months of litigation involving three separate hearings,

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which in the end might well have been fruitless had he not had the assistance of able counsel such as few defendants in his position enjoy. Let us hope that the reproof now administered by the federal court will prove effective—both in this and succeeding cases—in recalling Georgia tribunals to a sense of the minimum obligations of judicial decency. Beyond this, its efficacy is more doubtful—Judge Deaver called attention to the danger that the next mob may only be more lawless. Cases such as Downer's show how inadequate is the federal Constitution to compel reform.

IN THE summer of 1929, The New Republic published a series of articles by Ralph Borsodi, which were afterward expanded into a book under the title, "This Ugly Civilization." Mr. Borsodi advanced the theory that by way of defense against the factory system, every individual who can do so should live in the country with at least a small area of land and produce for himself and his household as many of the items of consumption as possible. The list of these items is not important: what matters, according to Mr. Borsodi, is the principle of never buying anything which can be produced as well at home. His plan, of course, does not contemplate anyone's giving up his regular occupation in order to indulge in this type of husbandry; it is a scheme to make your income go much farther and to provide an element of security now lacking in the lives of most city dwellers. But in the summer of 1929, when these articles appeared, the United States was on the Plateau of Prosperity; the middle class, for which Mr. Borsodi wrote, had its eyes fixed on the stock market and was not inclined to listen to any prophet whose words were not written on ticker tape. Since the bottom has fallen out of everything, a great change has been seen. Many thousands of city dwellers who have lost their jobs or fear that they may do so have taken to the country as a refuge, trying to husband their money. Mr. Borsodi has been called in as a consultant in several instances where municipalities or groups are planning large-scale experiments on lines suggested by him. His book has recently been reissued by Harper and Brothers and is attracting respectful attention. The ant will listen when the grasshopper won't.

Inflation

WHEAT, corn, hogs and cotton rise, the dollar falls. During the past week the markets both at home and abroad gave some evidence that speculators expected inflation, and were dealing in anticipation of its supposed effects. In the meantime the inflationary forces in Congress have made a demonstration in force. They moved amendments to the farm bill to remonetize silver, to devaluate the dollar, to issue bond money. They did not succeed at once, because the administration did not want them to do so. But a change of six votes in the Senate would have passed the Wheeler amendment to the Farm Bill, remonetizing silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Is inflation coming?

The movement for it is growing with great rapidity. It began to sweep the farmers long ago; debt relief did not come quickly enough for them, and even yet many of them have not benefited from it. Most of them do not understand the new farm bill, and in any case they have no love for restricting output. The law of supply and demand has never meant much to them; they want large production and higher prices at the same time. They think inflation is the quick and painless way of getting it. Merely to expand the currency is so much easier than to engage in economic planning and regulation, especially when the whole tradition of laissez-faire and the solid self-interest of millers and packers oppose the regulatory course. This country has never had a long depression without a powerful agrarian inflationary movement; such a movement could have been avoided now only by the application in time of a sounder kind of remedy, but the social lag seems to have prevented that.

Strangely enough, the inflationary movement now has allies where in previous periods of depression it had only enemies. Agrarian influences in this country have never been able to carry inflation against the industrial East and the bankers, and economic theorists of standing were almost unanimously opposed. Now, however, the industrialists and the bankers themselves are so badly scared that many of them are seeking any possible exit, including that of debasing the currency; while numerous economists, some in this country, but even more in Great Britain and Europe, are preaching the desirability of an expanded medium of exchange in some form or other. It is highly probable in these circumstances that some sort of inflationary measure will be tried unless the depression lifts promptly. The chief doubt concerns the nature of the measure.

The New Republic has opposed most of the currency-expansion and devaluation schemes, not because we doubted the necessity of increasing the volume of purchasing power in circulation but, first, because we could not see how the plans in question would bring about the desired result and, second, because if they did so, they might easily lead to an expansion which could not be stopped when the proper time came. It is true, however, that if large numbers of people expect some such proposal to be enacted, and also expect that it will raise prices, they are likely to behave in such a way that prices will in fact be raised and activity will increase, at least for a time.

The administration apparently has its eyes fixed on expansion of a different sort from that being popularly urged, an expansion of credit in use rather than of currency alone. This course is far more sensible, because we already have, in this country at least, the monetary basis for a large expansion of credit, and nine-tenths of our payments

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are ordinarily made by banking transactions—sometimes called "bank money" or "money of account"—rather than by currency. The government can borrow and spend large amounts on public works, and evidently intends to do so. Though the usual bond market may not be in good condition to absorb enormous public issues, nevertheless under the emergency legislation government bonds may be used by banks as collateral for currency, and therefore the banks may carry a large proportion of the loans if necessary. This is regarded by conservative theorists as a most unsound procedure, but it can be used *in extremis*.

The administration, however, wants to use public works only as a means of priming the pump, and is reported to be considering a plan of stimulating borrowing by private industries under public regulation which will expand production on a guaranteed basis. We do not yet know enough about this plan to comment upon it, but in so far as it involves careful planning and control which can reduce prices as well as raise them, and which can stop expansion before it goes too far, it is undoubtedly preferable to a blanket inflation. We need a selective treatment of prices and costs, which will reduce some and increase others rather than raising all. And a rapidly enlarged production of everything at once, based on credit and on profits swelling without limit, would lead us merely to another 1929. If the administration does not promptly put into operation a better plan, the movement for crude inflation is certain to overtake it.

The international aspects of the situation must also be considered. How much good would be done by an expansive movement in one country alone? In a unit as large as the United States, some of its influence would certainly be felt beyond our borders. But those who argue for an international expansion have theoretically the better case. This is the strongest argument put forward by those who want to reduce the gold content of the dollar. If devaluation were undertaken on a worldwide scale, the reserves which, unlike ours, are now inadequate for an expansionist policy would be made adequate and the world could go back to free movement of gold and stable exchanges—at least for a time. A better proposal is probably that put forward by John Maynard Keynes to enlarge the reserves in countries where they are scanty, by notes based on gold bonds, under international control. But we are skeptical about the possibility of world coöperation, even on a good theoretical program.

Finally, it can never be repeated too often that any device to increase the amount of purchasing power in use is merely a superficial attack on the ills of a capitalist world. We need to regulate the distribution of income as well as its volume; we need to get the warring factors of production and distribution into harmony, if any revival of prosperity is to be more than a hectic flush of fever preceding another collapse even more serious than that from which we have been suffering.

The Railroads in Transition

THE ADMINISTRATION has apparently shelved railroad-consolidation plans for the present and has decided to put the railroads under a federal "Coördinator." There is much to recommend this expedient, but it can be only a transitional stage to something else. To see why this is so, we must examine the present aspect of the problem.

A large number of important roads are not only unable to pay dividends, but to meet fixed charges or refinance maturing issues. They must go through receivership and reorganization. Unless something happens soon to improve their net incomes, the reorganization must be drastic. It will require writing off, not only stock and junior securities, but parts of underlying securities as well. This will again shake the banks and insurance companies, and lead to further general deflation. Naturally, both the railroads and the governmental authorities are reluctant to go this far until all other possibilities are explored.

In addition, railroad rates must be drastically reduced. Wholesale prices have fallen 35 percent, railroad rates scarcely at all; indeed, a general increase was authorized after the depression began. The disparity between railroad rates and farm prices is particularly acute. A sufficient reduction in rates might eventually increase traffic, but there is no assurance that it would increase traffic enough even to maintain existing earnings. The railroads cannot experience the full benefit of lower rates until general revival comes, and no one knows when that will be. This factor adds to the uncertainties of reorganization.

Obviously, the only gleam of hope for the railroads is to reduce costs. But the roads, as individual systems, have gone about as far in this direction as they can. Wages might be further cut, but not enough to do much good. Men have already been laid off by the hundred thousand; maintenance has been deferred, capital expenditures have been postponed. With the present light density of traffic, unit costs become higher instead of lower. And unless something is done soon to repair or replace equipment, it will cost more to operate. But the roads cannot spend the money to put it in shape.

Consolidation of the sort contemplated by the Transportation Act of 1920 cannot be financed under present conditions, and anyway it never offered much hope of reducing operating expenses. Its aim was to retain competition, and most of the railroad waste arises from competition. For instance, most terminals are hives of competitive waste, and the old plans did not contemplate terminal unification. Eighty-six percent of the time of freight-car movements is chargeable to terminal operations and only 14 percent to line haul, according to the report, "The American Transportation Problem," by Dr. Harold G. Moulton and his associates of the Brookings Institution. There are the

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other unnecessary duplications of facilities, there are roundabout movements and cross-hauling, there is wasteful competition for traffic, there is inefficient utilization of equipment—little of which could be reduced by competitive consolidation.

The Prince plan for regional consolidation, giving a monopoly of traffic to a single system in each territory, was designed to eliminate such waste and give rise to tremendous savings. But the railroads are not ready to take the immediate losses which it involves, on the chance of the ultimate economies. Economy of this sort, if it is made, also means loss to other interests—rearrangement of traffic routes which would diminish the importance of certain districts and perhaps even destroy cities, more laying off of labor. Neither labor nor the public would be willing to grant to immense private corporations the power to do this sort of thing. Nobody would be sure the power was really being used in the general interest.

It appears to be necessary to hold the railroad situation in solution a while longer, until the basis for a really feasible plan can be laid. This does not mean that there will not be precipitations in the solution. Receiverships are imminent in any case. A Coördinator can further such economies as are feasible by coöperation among the existing roads. Some reductions in rates may be made. But a Coördinator who does not know what the final outcome will be, or whether he can go so far as to scramble the roads in such a way that they cannot subsequently be unscrambled, will not be able to make a substantial improvement. His main task should therefore be to prepare the way for a permanent reorganization.

The logic of events leads straight toward one outcome—a single national system under public ownership, subdivided into units small enough for efficient administration, but practising the necessary economies on a national scale. Such a system could really reduce operating expenses. It could make drastic changes with the authority of the government and the confidence of the public. It would enjoy the credit standing necessary to increase expenditures for repair and new investment. It could reduce rates enough, and could bear the risk of doing so. Naturally, such a system would have to be operated by a corporation divorced from political influence, like the Canadian National Railways, the New York Port Authority and other efficient concerns organized for public business.

Such a corporation could safely offer a larger return on the investment in the railroads than the security holders could possibly hope for by any other means. This is the type of railroad organization adapted to the highest efficiency; it could therefore afford to outbid any other possible type of new management for purchase of the existing securities and still would have plenty of margin left for better service to the public. Under circumstances like the present, a voluntary sale of the railroads to the government, at a reasonable price, might not be difficult to negotiate. Receivers looking for the best possible terms for the underlying bondholders could hardly do better by their wards than to make such a bargain.

Of course even the best railroad organization will not be enough by itself, unless general conditions improve. But railroads profoundly affect general conditions and may contribute mightily to their improvement. Can anyone suggest a way by which the roads could contribute more than by furnishing a simultaneous reduction of rates, an end to the fear of insupportable loss by banks and insurance companies, an improvement in service and the spending of new millions on rehabilitation and equipment, thus aiding employment? And can anyone suggest a way by which they might do this except the sort of way here described?

"Scientific Hash"

EVENTS had already condemned the orthodox judicial theory of utility valuation, but Al Smith's happy faculty for the right phrase has given it, we hope, a knock-out blow. According to the post-war formula, a public utility was entitled to receive a fair return upon the value of its properties measured by the estimated cost of reproducing them. This rule of rate-making, reverenced in Supreme Court opinions as "the law of the land," ex-Governor Smith properly describes as "scientific hash."

Reproduction cost was introduced to the Supreme Court by William Jennings Bryan, who sought to take advantage of the collapse of prices following the depression of 1893 in order to defend from constitutional attack a Nebraska rate statute. In a later period of rising prices railroad counsel embraced Bryan's invention for their own purposes; the Supreme Court read it into the Transportation Act of 1920 and into the Constitution; the Commissions bravely set out to apply it. No heed was paid to the warnings of Mr. Justice Brandeis that the definiteness of the engineers' calculations was a snare, that the futile search for present value would engender only expensive and bitter controversy, that a fluctuating rate base would destroy the safety of utility investments and that when prices fell again the utilities might wish to sing a different tune.

Now all these things have come to pass. Any respectable rate case spends years in its travels, while courts and commissions pick their favorites from the rows of competing figures of engineers hired to produce them. The Interstate Commerce Commission struggles with the herculean task of valuing all the railroads and the state commissioners of Kansas make the best guess they can at the value of Cities Service oil reserves in Oklahoma and Texas. Strict application of reproduction cost at present prices would undermine most existing rate structures; yet speedy and moderate adjust-

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ment is impossible because the valuation process must first be endured. Clearly the system has broken down under the strain of its own pretentious weight. The immediate task is to bury the rubbish and plant above it Al Smith's stinging epitaph.

Life Beyond the Earth

THE weeks which have passed since Professor Charles B. Lipman made his surprising announcement that he had found living bacteria in meteorites have not resulted in successful refutation of his claim. To be sure, his statement is being hotly attacked in some quarters by those who assert that the bacteria must have got into the meteors after they had reached the earth; but thus far, such statements appear to be mere surmise. The real test, of course, will come when his experiments are repeated by others. His own account of what he has done, written in the careful style of the orthodox scientist, would seem to indicate that he took every possible precaution against the accidental transplanting of bacteria into his samples. Assuming that the bacteria were native to the meteorites, they could readily have survived the fiery heating of the outer surface during the meteor's rush through the earth's atmosphere, the internal temperature being demonstrably quite cool. The exact origin of meteors is of course unknown, but according to astronomical theory many of them probably come from comets and others represent stray fragments, children or grandchildren of the sun's original mass, whirling around in the solar system and finally sucked up by the tidal attraction of one planetary body or another.

The discovery of life on meteors, if assumed to be authentic, would thus indicate the inherence of life in celestial matter conditioned far less favorably than are such planets as Mars or Mercury. But even when accepted with reserve, Professor Lipman's experiments cannot but raise—if only speculatively—a corner of the veil on the mystery of life and man in the great universe. Ever since Copernicus dethroned the earth from the central position in the universe, the progress of astronomical research, expressing as it did the one-sided development of the visible and materialistic aspects of knowledge, has tended not merely to humble man's overweening theological pride, but even to deprive him of a sense of creative citizenship in the cosmos. According to the slogans repeated time and again by the popularizers of scientific knowledge, man has now been shown to inhabit a second-rate planet in a third-rate solar system of a universe containing, within the great galaxy alone, some thirty thousand million suns! This inconceivably vast universe, we are told, goes round and round for apparently no other purpose or creative potentiality than to express the exactitude of the law of gravitation and the mathematical intricacies of Einsteinian relativity. On the surface crust of the insignificant earth, it is true, a peculiar force called life developed by accident, and through a succession of accidents this force of life managed to give birth to the race of man and to mind. But neither of these developments, not even the fact that mind has been able to grasp the mechanical secrets of the vast universe, has been regarded as in any way affecting the general character of the cosmos, which is still considered as a cold and lifeless mechanism without any aspiration or creative surge, held together only by the immensities of space and time.

It is this distorted picture, based on a one-sided induction from astronomical experience, that any such experiments as Professor Lipman's, if authenticated, would definitely break down. Even without authentication, logic alone breaks it down the moment the question is properly raised. For while nobody can decide a question of existential fact in advance of the evidence, the situation in this case is that on the earth life is thoroughly at home and may be regarded as an intrinsic expression of the natural order; whereas for the great universe our information has been limited to what the telescope, differential calculus and the spectroscope could give us. Even so, the theoretical probability that life exists, if not in other parts of the solar system, at least in other stellar worlds, is very great when judged only by the mathematical possibilities of the existence of other solar systems with earths physically situated like our own. If such life exists, it expresses itself or has expressed itself in processes similar to the evolution which on earth has produced man as its highest expression. On such a supposition man becomes a meaningful citizen of the cosmos, a participant in the vast activity of the universe, with other living beings in other worlds above or below him in dignity of attainment. If, however, in actual fact life exists nowhere else, then the very existence and power of life and man on earth would tend to make these expressions, so far from mere ephemeral accidents, the only intrinsic creativity in an otherwise dead and purposeless universe.

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Shaw in the Metropolitan

IT WAS with feelings uncomfortably mixed that one listened to Bernard Shaw at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The most effective way to present the scene would be to use modern movie technique. First show the figure of Shaw in all its distinction and beauty. Slim and straight, in a double-breasted black coat buttoned up high under the collar with an austere effect almost clerical so that it sets off the whiteness of his beard as his eyebrows against his pink skin look like cotton on a department-store Santa Claus—he walks on and off the platform in his black shiny shoes with the lithe step, all but prancing, of a cavalier; clasps his long tapering hands around his knee, as he leans forward to talk to someone, with a self-consciousness of grace almost feminine; and diversifies his long speech with movements and gestures self-conscious and precise like an actor's. And there are also the reddish nose of the old Irishman, the squared shoulders with arms folded of the schoolmaster, the rare moments of silliness or shyness of the young man who learned to face the public "like an officer afflicted with cowardice, who takes every opportunity of going under fire to get over it and learn his business." All these are accommodated to an artistic creation of which Shaw's voice is the supreme expression. This voice has the fine qualities of his prose: with a charming accent, half-English, half-Irish—what the Irish call a Rathmines accent after the fashionable quarter of Dublin, an accent which says "expawts" when his voice rises, "exporrts" when it deepens, with a style from eighteenth-century Dublin in which phrases of the most commonplace modern slang start into vulgar relief, in a tone of old-fashioned courtesy which varies between the kindly and the sarcastic, he caresses and enchants the auditor with the music of a master of speech, enmeshing him, though less surely than in his books, by the strands of a skein of ideas of which he reels out the endless thread.

Here in this black arrowy figure, this lovely cultivated voice, is the spirit which for those of us who were young when Shaw had reached the high pitch of his power, permeated our minds for a time, stirring new intellectual appetites, exciting our sense of moral issues, sharpening the focus of our sight on the social relations of our world till we could see it as a vividly lit stage full of small distinct intensely conceived characters explaining their positions to each other. An explanation that burned like a poem. And here is the poet still burning.

Now widen the scope of the camera, and take in the double row of dignitaries on the platform behind the speaker. Trustees of the Academy of Political Science under whose auspices Shaw is appearing: a bank president and a Morgan partner; [illegible]ibald Henderson; Walter Lippmann; odd liberal ladies and editors of second-rate magazines. Not a single first-rate literary or political figure (Dreiser was in the next to the top gallery); the sort of committee that might be expected to sponsor a lecture by John Drinkwater or Norman Angell.

Now widen the scope again: pull the camera back and swing it up toward the ceiling of the theatre. The straight black figure diminishes: it stands at the bottom of a gulf—the immense well of the Metropolitan with its ugly and stale magnificence: the heavy tarnished gold of the proscenium arch, the gilt boxes lined with red plush and embellished with electric bulbs which themselves have a red-plushy tint. Tier upon tier of boxes drop down; balcony upon balcony. The tall slim figure behind the pulpit is all but drowned at the bottom. All about him gapes a vast dumb audience—thousands and thousands of people who have bought seats to a show at the Metropolitan.

In the orchestra one recognizes a type not unlike the regular opera-goer: old ladies and old gentlemen in evening clothes—the members, presumably, of the Academy. But who are all the rest?—who knows? We know them but we cannot name them. They are the eerie half-human attendants at anything that is new on Broadway—the dead-pans of the Theatre Guild openings, of all openings. They never laugh and they never applaud—they never seem to know what the play is about—if they ever respond at all, it is only to grumble a little when it is over. They have turned out tonight to see Shaw with the same simple phototropic instinct which draws them to the other entertainments by which they never seem to be entertained. They come, they take their seats, the curtain goes up revealing something and for a moment the brightly lighted scene appears to command their attention; but they are confronted with situations to be followed, long passages of dialogue to be sat through, emotions to be imagined, developments of ideas to be grasped, and—though the plays are getting thinner and thinner, feebler and feebler, in deference to them—they don't understand it, don't like it; they sit there—sullen? sour? Again one cannot say, one cannot know how they respond to stimuli.

Before this demoralizing aquarium of blind deep-sea creatures, then—before this awful tribunal of trolls, more terrible because they never pass sentence—poor Bernard Shaw appeared. During the earlier part of his speech, he was driven to comment on the silence which followed his most emphatic points. It was not till about halfway through that he evoked any spontaneous enthusiasm, and this was only from a special quarter. When, after dealing with social-economic issues in rather a gingerly fashion, he finally came out with the assertion that the only

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justification the capitalist system had been able to put forward was that, in spite of its inequalities in the distribution of wealth, it guaranteed to the working class at least a living wage and that a crisis which left millions unemployed meant the breakdown of the system—a burst of clapping was heard from the highest balcony. Shaw looked up in surprise. "I confess," he said, "the splendor of this building had blinded me to the fact that the majority of my audience apparently belong to the unemployed!"

But it was not the majority of his audience: it was only some radicals in the gallery, where the seats were only a dollar. They broke into applause again when he said that in financing the War America had gotten "pretty fair value for her money from the political point of view," because she had "achieved the salvation of Russia"—and now and then at similar statements; but when one looked down into the shirt-fronts of the orchestra where the seats had sold for five dollars, one could not see a pair of hands stirring. One man in the next-to-top gallery, where the seats were two dollars, remarked after two or three of these salvos: "The gallery seem to be having a good time!" as if he had no idea what Shaw was saying nor why the people should clap him nor why he himself should have come, and this man gave the tone of the house.

Shaw felt it. From the breakdown of capitalism and the salvation of Russia, he picked his way through detours highly circumspect. He achieved one good satiric stroke in telling us that we ought to be glad we had helped by taking part in the War to turn Russia into a Communist state as otherwise we should have had another great imperialist power to contend with, and that we should hope for the same reasons for a Communist China. But he leaned a little far backwards in praising Stalin's 100-percent nationalism and telling his audience not to "bother so much about Karl Marx."

This strange injunction which he delivered toward the end and just before acknowledging his debt to Henry George (which also pleased the top gallery, but left everybody else blank) indicates very clearly the incongruities of the occasion. Most of the people whom Shaw was addressing had never bothered about Karl Marx at all; that they were hardly likely to bother about him too much, Shaw had recognized in kidding them about Russia when he had said, "If you do not like to establish Communism among yourselves, if you cannot appreciate Communism," etc. It was only the people in the top gallery who had bothered about Marx. And Shaw would certainly never have laid any such injunction on these latter people nor insisted in just that way on Stalin's nationalism, if he had been talking to them alone. In the beginning, he had not been able to feel out precisely what kind of audience he was up against —he seems to have supposed that the Academy of Political Science was a serious and alert organization —and by the end he found himself trying to talk to two different and irreconcilable elements: what he evidently imagined, on the one hand, to be a regular after-dinner speaker's audience of conventional after-dinner dodos, and on the other a certain number of radicals. And, tacking between the two, he navigated his course with difficulty—baffled, no doubt, even further by the fog of the radio audience which enveloped him outside, an audience even more mixed, and infused with sufficient hostile sentiment so that it sent in several hundred complaints while the speech was still going on.

Yet the ambiguity of the occasion was the ambiguity of Shaw himself. Why could he not have spoken under the auspices of some Socialist organization, to whom he could have talked directly and who would have met him with a definite response? After all, it is not his visit to New York which has taught Shaw his after-dinner manner, made him the idol and prey of the press. He has allowed himself to suffer the fate which Brooks lamented in the case of Mark Twain: he has become a favorite public character. Though it is his very dramatist's gift, making it inevitable that he should dramatize himself, which has delivered him into the hands of modern publicity, the effect is a little compromising. After all, why should he be making public speeches in which he has to handle like hot potatoes convictions which were once incandescent? His training as a public speaker has been valuable in giving him what acting on the stage gave Shakespeare, Molière and Ibsen and what every great dramatist seems to have needed: first-hand knowledge of the reactions of an audience. But why should he keep it up? Why should he do it on such a large scale? He can write so much better than he speaks. In his speaking, the elaborations of his thought which in writing would be assigned to subordinate clauses give the effect of halting digressions; and to make over his ideas into after-dinner jokes he is obliged to disguise them, to blur them. If he never talked to reporters at all, they would never misrepresent him. But his relation to the bourgeois press and its public has become a vital part of him. If the poet still keeps his insight into the larger life of mankind, the bourgeois entertainer is getting gaga with the bourgeoisie. Today, as appeared in his New York address, the Spenglerian vision of doom bulks as large as the socialist hope.

Shaw carries his own paradoxes within him; yet it is still his poet's distinction that he can study and understand himself, that through the arguing characters of his plays he can give these paradoxes expression. And even in his public character, less authentic though it is than his literary one, he can still thrill us from time to time as he is able to make the timbre of the old daring, the old piercing intellectual clarity, ring out among the banalities of the lecturer. Even in the pompous opera house, before the dead bourgeois audience which he himself has let himself in for, he continues to stand for something which makes us see audience and theatre as we have never quite seen them before.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Panaceas for the Depression

III: *The Crusoe Economics of Exchange by Barter*

In this series of articles, Mr. John Chamberlain discusses some of the more interesting or important panaceas for the depression which have been given publicity during recent months. In his fourth article, to appear soon, he will discuss bond money, stamped scrip and other means of inflation—THE EDITORS.

WHEN THE London merchant adventurers stocked a ship in the fifteenth century, it was wholly on the principle that the supercargo would be a good enough horse-trader to out-barter the natives in some distant clime. World capitalism began, thus, not only with looting and piracy as the Incas were despoiled of their treasure and the Elizabethan hijackers cut in on the "take" of the King of Spain, but with a glorified form of barter. Now, in the old age of capitalism, barter recurs, perhaps as the symptom of second childhood. As the complicated system of international exchange breaks down under the added straws of compound interest, Italy arranges trades, even-up, with Russia; Canadians, seeking oil, offer aluminum to the Soviets; England barters coal for Scandinavian lumber; and internal barter grows by leaps and bounds. In England, an advocate of production for simple exchange has proposed a unit of barter-value to be called "bartex." The subject of barter has ceased to be an academic question, useful mainly to the expositors of "Crusoe" economics in the colleges. It is moving, for better or worse, from the realm of debate into reality; it ceases to be a panacea and becomes, instead, a way of life.

Whether it is a good way of life or not depends on the social philosophy of those who have had contact with it. If you go by the newspaper accounts of it, written by reporters who are happy to have the chance at a colorful story in which they can expound the virtues of the "best trade since Brooklyn sent Babe Herman, a catcher and an infielder to Cincinnati," you gain the undeniable impression that barter in the United States has had an extraordinary spread. On paper, it certainly has. A million people, according to an estimate as of March 1, are making part of their living by means of bartering labor for goods, or goods for goods. One hundred and fifty separate varieties of scrip facilitate exchange. Reports of the number of barter organizations differ, but all are of the first magnitude. According to Hector Laso, Assistant Chief of the Marketing Service Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the United States has approximately 300 barter organizations. Malcolm Ross's figures are more conservative; he counts 160 effective barter organizations, spreading through some thirty states, with more to come. A national organization, available for liaison purposes, has been set up under the name of the Emergency Exchange Association, Inc., with offices at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Stuart Chase, immitigable champion of "Your Money's Worth," is a moving spirit in this organization. "Money," says Mr. Chase, "is not needed." If you go by the newspapers, he has a good empirical case for his statement.

Money, according to the newspaper accounts, has not been needed, except as a prime mover, on the Pacific Coast, where barter has been flourishing for a year. The most militant barter exchange is in Seattle, Washington, which, as "the richest city in the richest county" of the state, has attracted the indigent from all over the Northwest. Here the unlucky outcasts of the depression have formed an Unemployed Citizens' League, with 50,000 members. The League was originally the handiwork of the Seattle Labor College, whose head, Carl Brannin, is also a member of the National Executive Committee of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action. In alliance with other barter exchanges in the United Producers of Washington, the Seattle group has operated its own shoe-repair shops, made its own clothes, maintained garages for the servicing of its trucks, "bought" and "sold" in its own free barter shops, "rented" apartments from despairing landlords in exchange for repair services by unemployed volunteers, traded work and city goods with farmers for unsold potatoes and apples, and sent its own timber crews to the woods. Recently it splurged into politics by electing John F. Dore, a supposed sympathizer, mayor of Seattle.

The Seattle barter group has been the subject of more than one Emersonian eulogy. Presently we shall recur to the darker side of the picture. For the moment, let us follow the spread of barter south and east. In Salt Lake City, where barter has the blessings of the Mormon Church, scrip issued by the managers of the Natural Development Association of Utah is cleared by the banks and honored by restaurants and theatres. The Utah Association has bought sheep with scrip, done the shearing by scrip and made clothes by scrip. More than $170,000 in "wages" has been paid to those working for the Association during the past year. The Los Angeles Coöperative Exchange has brought together 300 kinds of services and commodities, with thirty employees, who take their pay in credits, doing the necessary bookkeeping. Throughout California, enthusiasts for barter main-

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tain that 200,000 jobless people are taking care of themselves thereby with only a minimum initial recourse to charity. Donations of oranges from the fruit growers' exchanges and of gasoline and oil from the county commissioners have helped the California jobless to get their organizations going. In Colorado, an Unemployed Citizens' League operates its own coal mines, sends members out as share croppers (and into peonage?) and seeks to arrange trades for California surpluses. In Minneapolis, the local colorists among the reporters have dwelt at length on the large crew of unemployed busy making sauerkraut from surplus cabbages as part of their labor for the Organized Unemployed, Inc.

So the newspaper stories go. Spreading east, barter is said to have made its converts in Ohio. The Midwest Exchange, Inc., of Yellow Springs, Ohio, has attempted to bring existing factory owners together in a sort of plutocracy of barter. Antioch College, one of the organizing members of the Exchange, having a printing press and commercial laboratory research to offer, as well as students willing to work for tuition and board, has entered a barter relationship with the owner of a dairy. The dairyman, in exchange for butter, eggs and milk, has acquired the labor of Antioch students, printing services and tuition for his daughter. Each firm joining the Exchange agreed to deposit $1,000 worth of its commodities, against which it was to be permitted a drawing account up to $1,000 worth of the goods of other member firms. An auxiliary of the Midwest Exchange, called the Yellow Springs Exchange, is supposed to function as a retail outlet for the wholesalers in the parent organization. It was formed to issue scrip to the Midwest wholesalers, who were to pass it on in turn to employees. Labor organizers call this notion an extension of the hated idea of the company store.

The Conference for Progressive Labor Action reports that the Midwest and Yellow Springs exchanges are, as yet, very intangible propositions. If you ask about them on the Antioch campus, you will get a knowing smile, tinged ever so faintly with derision. Yet the promulgators of the plutocracy of barter have talked of an extension of the idea on a national scale. If such a development ever occurs, it will find its nucleus for national expansion ready to hand in the Emergency Exchange Association. One of the economists on the board of directors of this Association is Frank D. Graham of Princeton University. And should national barter ever get its opportunity to build, either permanently or temporarily, its own new society, Wobbly-fashion, in the shell of the old price-and-profit society, Dr. Graham's book, "The Abolition of Unemployment" (Princeton University Press), will, no doubt, serve as the organizers' bible.

If you scratch Dr. Graham hard enough, you will probably find a quiescent Single Taxer. He is a believer in the relative freedom of choice guaranteed by an unplanned economy, but, like Henry George, he knows the capitalist system fails to serve all the people, once access to the land, *i.e.*, to the source of all wealth, is denied to many who are willing to work at producing for themselves. His book is an attempt to apply the Georgian analysis to an industrialized community; his prescription, however, is not a tax on the social value of anything. He wants, merely, to turn over unused factory equipment to workers who would produce for each other, given the chance.

Dr. Graham advocates an Emergency Employment Corporation, formed, preferably, under private auspices, to make contracts with existing producers for the use of their excess plant and equipment. The existing producer would gain by turning over his idle machinery for rent. Any managerial services required in the operation of the machinery would be compensated for in cash. After the idle had been put to work alongside the regularly employed, the Emergency Employment Corporation would take their output and turn it over to its distributing agencies. Wage payments to the quondam unemployed would be in consumption certificates or money "tokens." The total output of consumers' goods weekly would be covered by the weekly issue of certificates. The unit for the certificates would be an hour's unskilled labor. To make things less complicated, the price of goods produced by the "unemployed" would be equilibrated each week with the price of goods circulating in the normal marts of trade. Thus the consumption certificate would have a dollar value.

To penalize hoarding, each consumption certificate would be dated, and would be allowed to "evaporate" slowly. Before it had completely dried up, the sluggish consumption certificate might be permitted a bargain week during which the more slowly moving goods could be cleared off the distributing agencies' shelves. It would be desirable for the Corporation to accumulate a reserve stock of merchandise which could be reduced during weeks in which current production fell short of the estimated normal. If this were done, fluctuation in the weekly creation of certificates could be avoided and the standard of living of workers coming in on the scheme could be evenly maintained.

To raise money for renting the factory space and the necessary machinery, and for buying raw materials, a certain number of certificates could be auctioned off or otherwise sold for whatever real dollars they might bring. Rail transportation would have to be taken care of in real money, but extra men required by the railroads for hauling the goods could be paid in Emergency scrip. Motor transportation could be easily obtained; plenty of unemployed truck owners and drivers would be willing to come in on the promise of shoes, clothing and food. House rentals would have to be taken care of out of the money raised by the sale of certificates.

The commissary and kitchen end of the business could be easily arranged. One of the schools ad-

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vocating "self-help" in the crisis has asked for governmental colonization of marginal lands. Workers on these lands would have supplies for trading purposes. But the Emergency Corporation would not have to rely on colonization schemes, for farmers should be quite willing to accept consumption certificates in payment for supplies. The farmers, for their own part, could buy with scrip needed city goods produced by Emergency workers. An incidental boon to the farmer would be the consequent depletion of the glut in farm commodities. Every chicken, every quart of milk, consumed by an Emergency Corporation worker would mean one less chicken or quart of milk to go into the normal processes of trade; the result would, theoretically, be a fillip to farm prices generally.

Gifts would, of course, be needed at the start. And it is right here that the quarrel of philosophies enters the barter scene. For, as radicals have been quick to notice, it has been the business man with a tax load and a depleted community chest on his mind who has been the loudest advocate of barter and self-help. It is the California boast that charity burdens have been considerably lightened by the spread of barter. A gift at the start has enabled Los Angeles business men, for example, to cut down on their monthly unemployment relief considerably. This represents no argument against his scheme to Dr. Graham, who wants to save capitalism.

The benefits to be derived from the Graham program would accrue almost wholly to the capitalists. To begin with, the employment of factory equipment now lying idle would serve to prevent obsolescence contingent upon disuse. Factory owners would make sufficient profit on the rent to cover any incidental inconvenience. The uneasy threat of a "scum proletariat," existing on scraps thrown from the board, would be gradually removed as working for barter spread. According to Dr. Graham's theory, organized labor itself could not lose by his scheme, for every member of the unemployed absorbed into the Emergency Corporation's ranks would mean one less potential scab. And with plants working closer to capacity, turning out both goods for normal trade and goods to be cleared in terms of scrip, unit costs would, theoretically, be so reduced as to make it possible to pay wage rates which are now out of question. Whether the manufacturer who had turned over half his plant to the Emergency Corporation would, actually, pay more to the workers in his own reserved half is another matter. It is probable that Emergency men would function as strike breakers.

If one's object is to keep the capitalist system intact, then Dr. Graham's scheme can offer little at which to cavil. Even should it fail, it would be at no cost to capitalism. Some of the Socialists, and the Communists generally, oppose barter on two grounds: that it enables the ruling class, organized as the state, to rid itself of its obligations to the unemployed labor "reserve" of 15,000,000; and that it inevitably drives down the worker's standard of living. There is no way of determining, they say, whether a man painting a house on a barter basis is not stealing a job that would pay good wage rates to another workman. The Communists would prefer to see the second workman employed for money, and the first getting his relief from the city or state. Then, too, all consumption certificates sold in the open market under the Graham plan might act to depress the price and wage level. For any money received by the Emergency Corporation would be returned to capitalists for rent, and then probably salted away, while the certificates sold at auction would go to purchase goods at what would amount to cut rates.

Whether the Graham scheme would work on a large enough scale to accomplish its mission as the savior of capitalism is conjectural. It would, presumably, require an elaborate organization. It would require, too, an inordinate amount of good will, both on the part of capital and labor. And Left labor groups are already frowning upon barter. The Conference for Progressive Labor Action, which helped to organize the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League, controverts some of the glowing newspaper descriptions of the success of barter in the Northwest. Mayor Dore, who was elected by the League, has recently turned against it, according to Louis F. Budenz, C.P.L.A. organizer, and is now denouncing his supporters as "unlawful." But the idea of barter served an initial purpose in the state of Washington: it provided the cement by which the unemployed were bound together in a militant organization. The Vanguard, weekly paper of the Seattle Labor College and of the Unemployed Citizens' League, reports a breakdown of the vaunted barter movement so serious in extent that a march on Olympia, the state capital, had to be organized to protest against "peonage." The Unemployed Citizens' League simply couldn't get enough land, enough raw materials, enough factory room, to function with any effectiveness, and their attempt at self-help only served as an excuse for the city to curtail its aid.

The C.P.L.A. has had other rather disappointing experiences with barter movements. In Allentown, Pennsylvania, barter served as an initial lure to get people together, but, as Mr. Budenz puts it, "potatoes became the opium of the people," and one of the Allentown units attempted to run a beggars' monopoly. Eventually the Allentown groups were reorganized to fight against evictions in town and against farm foreclosures in Lehigh County. In Dayton, Ohio, the Dayton Productive Units, a barter organization, has managed, so far, to take care of only 5 percent of the unemployed.

If the Graham plan, which would go much farther than the Seattle and Ohio plans, could by any chance be instituted, it could not be wholly lost to socialism, even though Dr. Graham is avowedly out to beat the conditions making for socialism. For

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the facts of the coöperative commonwealth ("production for use, not for profit") would be empirically, if imperfectly, demonstrated for all workers under the Graham scheme. But if what the C.P.L.A. organizers report about the actual working of the makeshift barter schemes is even 50-percent true, Dr. Graham's hopes appear to be utopian.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Food in Russia

II: *Feeding the Growing Population of Industrial Workers*

IT STANDS to reason that in a country like Russia, where 165 million people, divided into about 150 different nationalities and spread over one-sixth of the globe, are involved, no plans can be perfect or control absolute. And the fact that the Soviet Union is not guaranteed against world crises, international complications or crop failures, renders Soviet planning and attempts at control rather precarious. Under such circumstances, plans are at best but statements of direction, and controls mere approximations. True, the first Five Year Plan has resulted in tremendous expansion, but it has brought about disproportions so vast as almost to eclipse the greatness of the growth.

The city has grown faster than the country; heavy industries have outstripped light industries; factories have multiplied while technical knowledge has lagged behind; collective and state farms have been developing more rapidly than the ability to manage them; freights and cargoes have increased more rapidly than the means of transporting them. Everywhere there is disproportion, everywhere maladjustment. But the greatest disproportion has developed between the rapidly growing population and the slow progress in agricultural production.

Before the revolution, the territory now occupied by the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics had a population scarcely exceeding 130 million. By 1926, it mounted to 149 million, by 1929 to 154 million. In 1930 it was close to 158 million, and at the present time the entire population of the Union has jumped to about 165 million—a 26-percent increase in fifteen years. As the chairman of the Kolhoz "Beacon" once expressed it: "The most flourishing business in the Soviet Union is the business of procreation." He was right. There are more young married couples in Russia, it seems, than anywhere else in the world. Relatively low living standards and economic security lead to early marriages and children. Indeed, it was in the Kolhoz "Beacon" that every woman I saw was with child. Why not? The responsibility for the young, the old and the sick members of a kolhoz is collective. Each child receives a specified norm of food from the communal stores. Furthermore, since most collectives have nurseries, children have ceased to be much of a burden to the average peasant family. It is about the same in the city. A young man doesn't have to wait until he makes a career or saves up enough money to make a home. Ordinarily a young girl does not expect the husband to support her. Boys and girls meet, like each other, marry, have children—no extraneous considerations enter into the relationship. Birth control is not preached and certainly not widely practised. My mention of it in one of the kolhozi was enough to throw the peasants into fits of irrepressible laughter. While the birth rate is purely elemental and uncontrolled, the death rate is being constantly reduced by the spread of culture and knowledge of the principles of hygiene. For good or ill, the population in the Soviet Union is likely to keep on growing at the same or even a faster rate. Higher standards and a profounder culture may bring a halt to the growth; but this is rather far off as yet.

As a result of rapid industrial expansion, the rise in Russia's population has been particularly swift in the cities. In 1913 Russia's urban population was about 20 million. Since then it has almost doubled, for in 1932 it was above 35 million. The greatest gains by the city have been made quite recently. Within the last four years the Soviet cities have absorbed over 6 million new inhabitants. In 1913 the city accommodated about 14 percent of the total population; in 1932 it embraced more than 22 percent of a greatly increased population. In 1917, there were in the Soviet Union only twenty-four relatively large cities, *i. e.*, cities with populations above 100,000. In 1926 there were already thirty-one such cities. And at present there are more than fifty of them. Old cities are swelling; new cities are springing up over night. In 1913 Moscow had 1,600,000 population; Baku, 334,000; Stalingrad (Tsaritisin), a little over 100,000; Leningrad (St. Petersburg), about 2,000,000. In 1932 Moscow has 3,200,000; Baku, 660,000; Stalingrad 400,000; Leningrad 2,900,000. Many more such examples might be cited. Within fifteen years the Soviet government has built over one hundred new industrial towns, many of which have already grown larger than some of the capital cities under the old regime. Cities are rising as if by magic. And since our subject is food, it would be well for the reader to bear in mind that most of these new industrial centers have sprung up remote from agricultural and food-producing regions and that it is precisely these centers that are given the best attention in the matter of food supplies.

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Now what does all this mean in regard to the food situation? Simply this: that even if there were no other aggravating factors, a growth of the city population such as described above would be bound to produce a strain on the food-producing potentialities of any country. In this, the Soviet Union is no exception. The city has been growing at the expense of the village. Ever since the launching of the Five Year Plan there has been a tremendous exodus of peasants from the village. The best, the most ambitious, the most enterprising, the youngest, are deserting the fields and are flocking to the factories. This phenomenon has been observed in other countries in periods of industrial expansion, but in no country has it ever taken on the dimensions that it has in Russia. Producers of food, growers of grain, tillers of the soil, have suddenly turned to making bricks, mining coal, rolling steel, building roads. Millions of food producers have become food consumers.

More, to meet industry's rising clamor for raw materials, greater and greater numbers of the village population have been shifted from the business of growing grain into that of raising industrial crops: cotton, hemp, flax. In Central Asia, for instance, or the Caucasus, or the southern Ukraine, large tracts of grain land have been given over to cotton growing. As a result of this policy, Russia has practically achieved cotton independence. Its textile factories work almost exclusively on domestic raw materials. Indeed, the Soviet Union even managed to export 10,134 metric tons of cotton in 1930, and 40,180 tons in 1931. Since, however, cotton cannot be eaten, and since most cotton growers are peasants who were formerly engaged in producing grain, and also since industrial crops absorb vastly more labor power than do grain crops, it is obvious that the Soviet Union has bought its cotton independence at a very high price. Here, too, hundreds of thousands of food producers have turned into food consumers.

The First Five Year Plan has changed the face of old Russia. What seemed incredible five years ago is now an accomplished fact. Russia is no more an industrially backward country, a medieval country. Russia is producing tractors, automobiles, trucks, Diesel motors, high-power locomotives, turbines, airplanes. Russia, wooden Russia, is becoming a country of concrete and cement and brick. Dark Russia is being lighted up by millions of incandescent bulbs—"little lamps of Ilyich." Dumb Russia roars on the radio and its voice reverberates from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the Arctic to the Pamir. Unskilled Russia has developed its own chemical industry, its own war industry, its own tool-making industry. Old Russia is dead, there is now a new Russia, an industrialized Russia.

This has been achieved at terrific sacrifices. Machines to make other machines, factory equipment, supplies, specialists, experts, had to be imported from other lands, had to be paid in gold, in cash or on a basis of short-term credit. Willy-nilly the Soviet government had to tighten its belt. Foodstuffs—products of the soil, animal and fish products, manufactured food products—which could easily have been consumed by its own people, were poured in large quantities on the foreign markets. The list is rather imposing: wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn, beans, peas, lentils, seeds, oil seeds, licorice root, fresh fruits, dried fruits, potatoes, vegetables, mushrooms, eggs, sweet butter, livestock, bacon and other meat products, live fowls, dressed fowls, cheese, honey, fish, caviar, sugar, vegetable oils, oil cake, flour, bran, canned goods, macaroni, starch products, wines, mineral waters, confectionery, etc. The food exported in 1929 amounted to slightly over 241 million rubles; in 1930 to 350 million, and in 1931 to 311 million rubles. The drop in 1931 was a drop, not in volume but in value, caused by the fall in world prices on all food products. As regards volume, the 1931 exports were considerably above those of 1930. The total exports from the Soviet Union (foodstuffs included) during the first eleven months of 1932 declined both in volume and value, but whereas the former declined only 19.7 percent, the latter dropped 31.4 percent.

During recent years the Soviet government has also evolved a peculiar form of internal export. Determined to get *valuta,* gold, it has opened over three hundred Torgsin stores in the larger cities of the Union. In these stores, goods are sold only for gold, silver or foreign currency. Originally intended to accommodate foreign residents, specialists, correspondents, tourists, the Torgsin stores have gradually become a means of attracting the reserves of gold and foreign currency that have been hoarded by some Soviet citizens in the vain hope of an overturn. Russians who used to receive packages and money from abroad can now receive much more easily Torgsin notes which are exchangeable for any goods on the Torgsin shelves.

It is into its export and its Torgsin stores that the Soviet government throws its best food products. The Torgsin window displays are so arranged as to tempt the most incorrigible hoarder. The Soviet government feels keenly the humiliation of refusing to accept its own currency and of offering its best commodities in exchange for foreign money, but it has temporarily swallowed its pride. The average Soviet citizen is vexed to find that the money he receives from his government for his hard work does not entitle him to buy some of the best things he himself produces, but he, too, has learned to repress in himself the feeling of vexation. There is scarcely a person, I believe, even a child, in the Soviet Union who does not realize the necessity of temporarily tightening the belt or who does not know the reason for pouring the finest products into foreign trade and the Torgsin.

Often, though, one does observe signs of resentment and annoyance. One finds it quite uncomfortable to walk out of the Torgsin with too many exquisitely wrapped packages: the glances of the

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Russian passers-by, especially the less cultured ones, are not exactly benevolent. This resentment not infrequently crystallizes into downright sabotage. In my travels I made the acquaintance of a citizen who was in some way connected with caviar export. In a moment of drunken candor, he released a volley of bitter words against the foreigners who are "gobbling up our food." "But we occasionally put it over on them," he laughed proudly. "Before the examiner comes, we so pack the caviar as to have a rancid layer on the bottom and one on top of the can. In the middle we have perfectly good caviar. Naturally, the can is found unfit for export. We then remove the rancid layers, and have excellent caviar left for ourselves." When the effusive citizen caught my glance of disapproval, he hastened to justify himself by referring to a precept in the Talmud according to which it is inhuman to deny oats to the horse that threshes oats.

Here is another episode. One morning, at the breakfast table, I opened a can of sardines which I had brought from the United States. The enthusiastic comments of my Russian hosts were countered by their six-year-old son, who remarked gravely: "We also have good sardines, but our best products are exported or placed in the Torgsin to help pay for our machines." The child's remark, which I am quoting literally, may sound incredible to American ears. But, then, an extraordinary epoch creates extraordinary children.

A significant result of the Piatiletka has been the elimination of unemployment in the cities and the poor peasant in the village. In this sense, economic fear has been banished. People everywhere have a sense of economic security. They are all working; sometimes a few in a family. The purchasing power of the population has been augmented. Social insurance, old-age insurance, free medical aid, free education (most university students receive stipends)—these tend to make the average wage earner less frugal. He has more money than he ever had before and he spends without any misgivings about the future. The psychological effect of all this is an increased demand for life's comforts. Vast sections of the city and village population which under the old regime were chronically underfed and underclothed can now afford to purchase things they could never have dreamed of purchasing in the past. The cultural advance of the masses has been amazing, in both city and country. A stream of modernity—machines, movies, radios, books, newspapers, the Red Army—has radically altered the Russian's way of life and given a powerful impetus to his material and cultural demands. Collectivization, by eliminating the "village poor," furthers this tendency. Everybody is learning. The demands for a better, cleaner, more hygienic, more "cultured" life are rising by leaps and bounds. For fifteen years the Russian worker and poor peasant have had it dinned into their ears that they are the salt of the earth, that they are the creators of everything, the liberators of mankind. Nothing is too good for them. This has been the glory of the revolution. This, alas, has also been its tragedy, for it has stimulated a thousand desires, longings, and demands which the industrial and agricultural machinery now on hand cannot even remotely satisfy.

Russia produces infinitely more newspapers than it produced in the old Tsarist days, yet it has become practically impossible to buy a Pravda or an Izvestia or a Vechernaia Moscva on the newsstands. The longest lines in Moscow are before the newsstands when the papers are brought. "Citizen, where did you get your paper?" is one of the most common questions one is likely to hear in Moscow. The only way to get a paper more or less regularly is to subscribe for it.

The same holds true of books—novels, poetry, textbooks, the classics. The editions are tremendously large, yet no sooner does a book appear than it is swallowed up. Two days after publication it is unobtainable. Even the very expensive editions of the "Academia"—"The Arabian Nights," "Russian Folk Tales," Swift, Rabelais, Don Quixote, etc.—can be obtained only from private individuals at high speculative prices.

The same thing is true of the theatres, movies and concerts, or of paper, envelopes, pencils, boots, cigarettes. Russia is now producing twice as many boots and one and a half times as many cigarettes as it produced before the revolution, yet it is extremely difficult to obtain cigarettes and almost impossible to buy boots without being a member of a coöperative and without waiting, sometimes months, for one's turn.

In the matter of food, however, the disproportion between demand and supply has been infinitely greater. Neither the productivity of agriculture nor the work of the food-distributing agencies has managed to keep up with the tremendously increased demands of the urban and rural population in the Soviet Union. As we shall see in my next article, agriculture has been lagging shamefully behind, and the food-distributing agencies have been woefully inadequate. The drought of 1931, in some sections of the Union, and the war scare on the eastern border, have made the situation even worse.

Only the food industries and socialized feeding have made considerable progress and have more than fulfilled the Five Year Plan. Here there have been some remarkable achievements. As compared with pre-war days, the Russian canning industry has increased by almost 1,000 percent—from 80 million cans (of 400 grams) in 1913 to 750 million cans in 1932. Of the 160 canning factories now in operation, only about 10 percent were in operation before the War and even these have undergone thorough reconstruction. The total capacity of the plants now in operation is approximately 1,000 million cans, but, owing to the newness of some of the plants, full capacity has not yet been reached.

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Tsarist Russia produced 29,000 tons of macaroni annually; in 1931 the Soviet Union produced 152,000 tons; in 1932, 179,000 tons.

The average annual yield of Russia's pre-war fishing was 10 million centners of fish. Soviet fishing has been steadily rising, and the 1931 catch was 14 million centners (a centner is 220.46 pounds). Similar figures can be cited as regards vegetable oils, starches. Even granulated sugar, of which there is a sharp shortage, is manufactured in greater quantities than in pre-war times—200,000 centners more annually.

Many mechanized bakeries have been built. In Leningrad alone four huge bakeries with a daily capacity of 920 tons of bread were opened in December, 1932. Throughout the Union, 19 million rubles were appropriated by the Consumers' Cooperatives for completing the bakeries that had been scheduled to begin operation in 1932. Progress has also been made in refrigeration, storage and the transport of food. Altogether, the food industries have carried out 109 percent of the five-year program.

Since the beginning of the Piatiletka the network of enterprises of socialized feeding—restaurants, kitchen factories, food combines, dietetic institutes, school lunch rooms—has shown an especially rapid growth. In 1929 there were only 3,400 restaurants and 4 kitchen factories; in 1932 the number of restaurants in the cities and factories totaled 17,700 and of kitchen factories, 103. The number of persons served by such enterprises increased from 550,000 in 1928 to 14 million by October 1, 1932—over six times the figure set by the Five Year Plan for 1933. Nearly three-fourths of all the workers are now served by socialized restaurants. About 68.5 percent of the school children in the Union are served hot luncheons in the schools. Over 80 percent of the students in the higher institutions of learning receive their meals in university lunch rooms. Community kitchens are also becoming a regular feature of rural life—in state farms, machine and tractor stations and the older and more advanced kolhozi.

Needless to say, neither the development of food industries nor the growth of socialized feeding can compensate for the lack of essential food products—bread, meat, dairy products. Even the finest cook can scarcely be expected to make a nutritious and palatable meal out of nothing. And Soviet Russia certainly cannot boast of a sufficient number of good cooks. Here, too, there is a disproportion—the number of restaurants has grown incomparably faster than the possibility of training qualified cooks. "The dialectic of growth, the paradox of revolution!" once explained to me the facetious manager of a famous Moscow restaurant.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

In his third article, to appear soon, Mr. Kunitz will discuss food and collectivization—THE EDITORS.

Under the Whip in Germany

The author of the following article is a distinguished Czechoslovak journalist with a European reputation, long a contributor to the Frankfurter Zeitung and the author of numerous books. His reliability as an observer is beyond question.—THE EDITORS.

THE WITCHES' sabbath of drums, trumpets and shouting mobs that swept over Germany on the eve and the night of the March 5 election penetrated even the walls of our prison in Spandau near Berlin. The watchdogs in the courtyard howled in mad cacaphony as the tumult approached our building; bells rang and excited voices called through the house. Sleep was out of the question.

On March 10, during the hour of courtyard exercise, Otto Lehmann-Russbüldt was ordered to report to the warden's office. When I returned to my cell my neighbor rapped cautiously on the wall—a sign that I was to come to the window. "Lehmann-Russbüldt has been discharged. He sent me his package." He was the first of our company to go. Several had been transferred to the hospital, among them Kurt Kläber, the proletarian poet.

Another half-hour passed. . . . A trusty came to my cell: "You are coming to the office with me."

I passed the room where packages are received for the prisoners. It was crowded with anxious women. Several of them rushed over as they caught sight of me: "Is my husband alive? . . . Have you seen X——? . . . Is Y—— all right? . . . Tell Z—— I asked for him." I answered as many of their questions as I could in passing. I could not stop. My uniformed attendant would not permit it. He was conscious of the watchful eyes of other uniformed men who were standing in the doorway.

"You are being returned to police headquarters," I was curtly informed when I reached the office.

"Why?"

"Are you a foreigner?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose they'll throw you out of the country. Take what belongs to you. You are going with these gentlemen."

"Try to make a get-away and we shoot," one of them warned me.

A police patrol was waiting at the door. We drove through Spandau over the Heerstrasse. I looked out over National Socialist Berlin. Officers in the old imperial uniform parading the streets at the head of Nazi troops; students ostentatiously displaying their fraternity colors and swinging their canes; children in brown uniforms.

"You know Berlin?" asked one of the two attendants who sat on either side of me.

"I've been away for some time," I replied. "In China."

"How did you find things there?" one of them asked.

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"Not very nice either."

"What do you mean—not very nice either? What have you against Germany? Isn't everybody glad that they've made hash out of Judah and Marxism?"

How quickly such gentlemen learn! A week ago neither of them, I am sure, had ever heard of the National Socialist program they were quoting so glibly. Today they know by heart the four words of which this program consists—Judah, Marxism, underworld and hash. With a flourish we entered police headquarters. It was swarming with Nazis recently inducted into police service. I was placed in the cell block.

Before I had a chance to fold up my coat on one of the cots in the cell as a sign of possession, I was surrounded by its inmates. Fifty to sixty workers crowded about me, trying to tell me of their horrible experiences. They bared their gruesome wounds. They rushed in upon me, each pushing the other aside in his eagerness to tell his story. Their stories overlapped, so that I heard isolated details without continuity or connection. Another and still another clamored for my attention.

They had all been attacked in their homes on the Sunday of the election or on the following day by Nazi Storm Troopers, had been subjected to fiendish cruelties in the presence of their terror-stricken families, had seen their meager possessions smashed, their books torn to shreds. Without allowing them to dress for the street—some of them were without shoes—they were dragged to the Nazi barracks, first to the so-called Friesen Kaserne, later to a factory in the Friedrichstrasse that had been turned into a Storm Troop barracks.

"We'll cure you of your Communism."

Five days and five nights the cure had lasted.

Every method of torment practised by the petty officers of the old imperial army was resuscitated. The imprisoned workers were drilled in the prison yard, endlessly, were forced to throw themselves into the mud and rise at command, again and again until their bodies cried out with exhaustion. The slightest sign of weariness brought blows with whips and sticks. The prisoners rose and dropped, rose and dropped until they fell unconscious to the ground, until no blow from either stick or whip could restore them to consciousness.

Daily they were commanded to fall into line and, with arm upheld in a Fascist salute, to repeat in unison: "Hail to our dear Reich Chancellor, Adolf Hitler." If one did not hold one's hand high enough, did not shout loudly enough, one was beaten and kicked. At times they were forced to recite the Lord's Prayer and

> What were we yesterday?
> Communists.
> What are we today?
> National Socialists!

Within the barracks more distressing scenes were being enacted. The prisoners were dosed with castor oil, stripped and laid over bare tables where they were beaten until the blood ran from raw flesh wounds. Almost without exception my fellow prisoners were terribly lacerated. In some cases the oil did its work while the unfortunate victims writhed under blows, to the unbridled delight of the Storm Troopers; others were forced to go through endless knee-bending exercises until nature took its course while the tormentors howled with laughter.

One of the prisoners was faced with his own son; both were given heavy sticks and, at the point of a revolver, were commanded to belabor each other. "Harder! Harder!" their torturers commanded. "Faster! faster!" Both were there in the cell with me, fearfully wounded on head and neck, the right eye of the father black and protruding, chin terribly swollen, the jawbone probably shattered.

There were so-called hearings, conducted somewhat as follows: "What are you?" "I am a Communist pig." Those who refused to answer thus were struck on the head or across the mouth. When they finally obeyed they were corrected with another blow: "Communist sow." The next time they would have to answer, "I am a Communist sow." One of the victims was asked where he had received his wounds and had to answer: "I was drunk and fell against the stove." Beards were cut off and heads shaven, usually on one side only; in some cases they were singed off or torn out by handfuls. In a number of cases the hair was shaven in the form of a swastika.

One of the Storm Troop captains, sickening at the endless brutality, ordered his comrades to desist in the presence of their prisoners. But Count Helldorf, the Osaf of Berlin, who personally inspected the barracks and ordered the prisoners brought before him, demanded that the barbarities be continued. He was particularly anxious to locate the Jews among the prisoners, all of whom were forced to submit to a bodily inspection in his presence.

The Jews were subjected to the worst atrocities. They were most outrageously beaten, were led to "execution" daily, stood up against the wall to face a firing squad that aimed its shots just above their heads. Among the others was a fourteen-year-old boy from whom the Nazis hoped to extract the address of his mother, who was in hiding. Of others they demanded to know the whereabouts of party functionaries, of secret printing plants, explosives or weapons. Among the prisoners there was only one who betrayed the names and addresses of other comrades. He was in the cell with us, but no one would speak to or look at him.

On the day I was brought to police headquarters the Jewish prisoners had arrived from the Nazi barracks. They had been led through the streets on foot, many of them without shoes, with their hands held over their heads. On the corner of the Friedrichstrasse one of the men threw himself under the wheels of a passing autobus. When he was dragged

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out his legs had been severed from his body.

Until late into the night these men surrounded me and poured out the story of their sufferings. All the incredible outrages they had undergone during four or five days were laid before me in those few short hours. None of these brutalized radicals, with only one exception, had betrayed the name of a comrade. There was not one who spoke with anything but detestation and hatred of his jailers, not one who had lost faith in the cause for which he had gone through this inferno.

EGON ERWIN KISCH.

Washington Notes

Trimming the Budget—The Muscle Shoals-Tennessee Valley Plan—Frightening Wall Street—The Securities Regulation Bill

ATTENTION at the moment has shifted from the saving to the spending side of the Roosevelt program and I may say that, so far as Congress is concerned, the support he is receiving is markedly more enthusiastic for the latter than the former. Anyone who does not think that it was with extreme reluctance that most of the House—and the Senate as well—bucked the veterans' lobby and withstood the pressure from the federal officeholders whose salaries are reduced or whose positions are abolished by the economy bill, simply has no idea of the power of these organizations or of the political risks of the average member of Congress.

Further, I might add that those who think that these groups have been permanently defeated have no grasp of the situation. Through the Director of the Budget and by reason of an all-powerful President and an aroused popular sentiment, the cuts and abolition of offices will be put in force before the end of this fiscal year. But the pressure for reinstatements, increases and new positions will begin with the regular session in January and not let up.

If the gain made in the reduction of the back-breaking burden the Treasury was carrying is not to be gradually lost, the utmost vigilance must be exercised and a whip hand held over a helpless Congress. Extremely little is being said on this subject right now, but there is no experienced observer who does not appreciate the danger. Once the emergency has passed and the presidential control has relaxed, the gate will be wide open again with a hungry horde rushing to get back on the pay roll. However, while this is a real, it is not an immediate menace, and it is certainly overshadowed by Roosevelt's measures to utilize to the full the federal credit which his drastic economies have restored.

Close upon the heels of the La Follette-Costigan-Wagner $500 million federal grant to the states for relief and the farm and home-mortgage-relief bills, involving a $2,000 million bond issue, came the combined Muscle Shoals-Tennessee Valley program, drafted by Senator Norris, sponsored and supported by the administration. Beyond question this is the most ambitious, far-reaching, constructive proposal that has emanated from the White House in our time. Aside from the establishment and operation by the government of the great power plant for which Senator Norris has fought for twelve years, there are potentialities in the combined Roosevelt-Norris plan to thrill the progressive group in the Senate which for so long has been pushing in this direction. The belief is expressed that once regulation of the rates, financial set-up and management of power companies is attained under this bill, it can easily, by amendment, be extended to include telephone and telegraph companies.

There was, of course, an immediate reaction against the whole proposal by the conservative element in Congress, the power interests and the reactionary press. Ignoring the more important features of the bill, which will provide employment, lower living costs and enrich a large section of the country, the opposition denounced the whole scheme as fantastic and unsound, as a step toward national ownership and the grandiose dream of amateur economists. Quite clearly a real fight is to be made. The signs of it have already manifested themselves in and out of the Senate, and a number of New York lawyers interested, in a hostile way, in the legislation have already camped here for the rest of the session, determined not to let the bill gather too great an early impetus.

Ordinarily, from my knowledge of the influence these interests can exert and from my knowledge of Congress, I should feel that they could beat the proposition. In this case I do not think so for several sound reasons. One is because recent developments in this country have done a lot to discredit these influences and lessen their weight. Another is because the depression greatly increases the chances of such a bill, gigantic as it is. It is part—and an important part—of the Roosevelt program and, whether they understand it or not, the people as yet are pretty solidly behind that program and want it put through. The final reason is that Mr. Roosevelt just happens to have more fondness for this Tennessee Valley scheme of his than for anything else he has proposed or is likely to propose.

The proposition is not exactly original with him, though he has, I am told, almost come to believe that it is. But that he is in love with the whole vision of national planning is beyond question. Hence, he can be counted upon to put more personal pressure behind it and will be less tolerant of Democratic opposition in the Senate. His party control, through patronage and prestige, is still pretty complete and this, with the combined support from the progressive group, should be enough to prevent emasculation and ensure passage before June.

Speaking of emasculation, it is really amazing that so far but one measure proposed by the administration has undergone that experience. In the main, the President, still with all the advantage of one of the most remarkable psychological moments a President ever enjoyed, has put through what he wanted the way he wanted it. Such was not the case, however, with the Securities Regulation bill. That was really remade in the Senate, and about all that was left of the original proposal was the publicity feature.

The trouble was that the measure was loosely and not very intelligently drawn up. Sections of the bill not only overlapped but in some instances were contradictory. The result was that the bankers and brokers who came down

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were able to shoot it to pieces. Senator Carter Glass, whose weight in such legislation is greater than that of any other Senator, saw the unworkable nature of some of the provisions, agreed to its revamping, and the administration draughtsmen had to yield. The administration, however, covered up this instance of ineptitude by asserting that the only feature in which Mr. Roosevelt was really concerned was the publicity feature. To that there was no real opposition. For the rest, the bankers rewrote the bill. It was not much of an incident, but enough to show that there are some things which Congress does not blindly swallow merely because they bear the White House stamp.

It seems to me not a bad thing to make it clear that the legislative branch is not wholly perfunctory and abjectly subservient. The fact is that among certain members of the so-called "inner circle," there is a disposition to be a little too sure of themselves. An occasional demonstration of their fallibility is probably helpful. Success is a heady drink for those unaccustomed to the beverage, and essential as speed is at this critical stage, bungling may be as bad as delay. There are, of course, some things that can wait and some that cannot. I am revealing no secret in saying that the administration is convinced that the public-works, or spending, part of its program is in the latter class, and the next few weeks will see a great effort to get through the things counted upon to increase purchasing power, either through large bond offerings or other inflationary methods of a "controlled" character.

The reason is that despite the happiness over beer, the brighter atmosphere in Washington and the perfectly grand press Mr. Roosevelt has, the fact remains that there has been an increase in unemployment instead of a decrease. There are as yet no indications of a pick-up in business, except as compared with the bank-holiday period; and there are certain signs of social unrest of a not unalarming nature. Knowledge of these things is behind the administration's determination to get its spending measures through as swiftly as is humanly possible.

Washington. T. R. B.

What Price Executives?

Have Business Men Brains?—Unprotective Committees—The Miller Plan—Selznick's Salary—Bull Market in Bunk

HOW MUCH does a business man know about business? One might answer, "Look at business." But to be specific, how much does a business man know about his own business? For instance, how much does a real-estate man know about the value of real estate? It may be too much to expect him to know how to lift the nation out of a depression, but it is not too much to require that he know how to put a valuation on real estate, or at least how to hit within a mile or two of the value.

Take G. L. Miller and Company. It proposed to make a loan on the Aeolian Apartments. I do not know what valuation it put upon the edifice, but it loaned about $284,000, secured by a first mortgage against which bonds were sold to our hardy yeomanry. Certainly the appraisal must have been in the neighborhood of $400,000. The bonds went to default and the building was sold—for $75,000—or about one-fourth of the mortgage. If you were to ask Mr. Miller what he considered himself worth—per year—as a real-estate man, he would probably give you some such answer as the insurance presidents give whose salaries have been raised these last four years, while everyone else has been taking a cut.

Of course, it is not fair to offer judgment upon a single case. G. L. Miller and Company was one of the first of the real-estate-bond concerns to go into the dustbin. It bequeathed to the foreclosure lawyers, appraisers, auctioneers, etc., some seventy buildings on which it had loaned money. One was the Aeolian Apartments just referred to. Another was the Altamont Apartments. This building sagged under a first mortgage of $760,000. It sold after the default for $300,000. Nor were these sales made in 1933, but a year or two ago during the golden prosperity (by comparison) of 1931. These sales were not made on the auction block. The properties were bid in by a protective committee which took its time to find the best possible offer in the usual channels of business. The record of the sums loaned and, hence, the possible appraisals, and the prices ultimately realized on the properties, makes a rather sad answer to the question: How much does a business man know about business?

Whenever a corporation, like an exhausted traveler, sinks down on the desert over which we are moving, one hears immediately the rustle of wings. They are the wings of those dark birds which are known to the Wall Street zoölogists as "protective committees." Why the rush of the protective committees? Of course, many of these committees are formed by the bankers who originally sold the securities to the public in order, it is assumed, to cover up any possible exposure of their frailties. But it is a profitable business in which the great American sucker pays and pays.

G. L. Miller and Company, whose brilliant appraisals have just been referred to, is a case in point. It went into receivership. The bonds went to default. Some seventy mortgages were foreclosed. And a protective committee was formed to represent the bondholders. One of the properties was the Bonaventure Arms Apartment. The defaulted bonds amounted to $459,000. The underlying mortgage went to foreclosure and the property was bought in by the Roosevelt Committee for the bondholders. This committee was formed by Mr. Roosevelt (not Franklin, but one of the more-distant-than-fifth cousins). The building was then sold for $240,698. Thus half the amount of the bonds was wiped out. Now we know the enormous costs of foreclosure which devour properties. But in addition to these costs, the committee had to be paid. It got $40,810, or 17 percent of the amount realized. For what? At the same time, and in the same proceeding, the committee sold seven other buildings—all in Atlanta—and to the same purchaser. The whole amount of the purchase price was $1,440,000. And the protective committee collected for its services $203,152, or 14 percent.

There were seventy properties in the Miller case and on these the Roosevelt committee collected $1,723,888 in fees. It will be seen then why there is such an unseemly scramble in the chase of the protective committees.

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Again, how much do business men know about business? They know enough to get well paid. Mr. David Selznick ruled over the production of RKO pictures. His modest services were rewarded with $2,500 a week salary. But something happened and Mr. Selznick found himself "off location." His unhappy unemployment situation was promptly dealt with by his father-in-law, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who put him on the pay roll for $4,000 a week. At the moment the movie magnates were trying to induce the stage hands to accept a cut of 50 percent in wages and were about to succeed when Mr. David Selznick's depression salary leaked out. The End.

Which brings us to salaries. In the last four years insurance executives have been boosting their salaries while the rest of the world submitted to cut after cut. The conduct of these men who have been importuning Congress to aid their companies has been already aired, though it is worth while putting a line under one case in which a vice-president has had his salary increased from $66,000 to $125,000 a year since the beginning of the depression. But they are not the only offenders. Railroad executives have had some cuts, but they are still getting exorbitant salaries. Mr. Atterbury still draws $109,000 a year. At last accounts Mr. Daniel Willard was getting $125,000. Does it require that much executive ability to run a railroad to a point where it has to borrow $65,000,000 from the government? Is not this a good time for stockholders who have seen their investments threatened with extinction to come forward and demand a reëxamination of the salaries of these fellows who have made such a sorry mess of business? Are they worth it? Could they get it without the aid of their publicity departments? How much is being paid for brains and how much for bunk?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Varèse and Monteverde

"IONIZATION," the wonderful, terrifying new composition by Edgar Varèse which was performed for the first time at the third Pan-American concert in New York under the leadership of Nicholas Slonimsky, appears to have been not at all fantastically named by its author. By reason of their excessive hardness, excessive indeterminacy and other points of dissemblance from the more humanly vibrating sonorities of string and wind instruments, the tones of the forty-one percussion and friction pieces for which it is cast—triangles, Chinese blocks, rattles, snare-drums, cymbals, lion-roars, gongs, tom-toms, bells, piano tone-clusters and the rest—in themselves do suggest the life of the inanimate universe. The illusion, if illusion it be, of an analogy between the music and events or processes in the physio-chemical fields, is reënforced by the volumes of the extremely simplified, skeletalized form, which, explosive, curiously timed and curiously responsive to one another, further suggest incandescent manifestations of material entities in space. And the terrific conciseness of the style, telegraphically succinct in the themes, rapid in the developments, overleaping connective steps, nervously alive with dialectically generated new ideas; and the acute high timbres, the abrupt detonations and tremendous volumes of sound which figure almost incessantly, quite specifically evoke the picture of some intensely dynamic process of the sort imperceptible to the senses, but not to the penetrating organs of science: say, the famous one by which gas is transformed into a conductor of electricity; with its separation of neutral molecules into ions by the impact of the swiftly mobilized ions originally present in the gas subjected to the electro-static field; and its mobilization and generation of further ions by the newly formed particles.

But the strange and daring new composition by our mystic of brute and mechanical sounds is not dependent for effect upon the imaginative associations roused by the title he has given it. Like the designations of other of Varèse's pieces borrowed from the vocabularies of science, "Hyperprism," "Integrals," the name "Ionization" is an appendage, in all probability an afterthought; attributable to the circumstance that, educated for engineering, the composer possesses some familiarity with the perspectives of science, and perceives the relationships between his conceptions and those of the technicians. The new work is a complete if singular piece of music: as complete a one as any of the best of its prodigious elder brethren, Varèse's compositions for mixed orchestra; and *their* solidity, let it be here affirmed, is by no means apparent only to members of what will vulgarly be called Varèse's clique. It is perfectly visible to as independent a musician as Leopold Stokowski, author of the significant remark that Varèse with Schönberg constitutes the actual forefront of the musical advance.

That music, written, like "Ionization," for the non-melodic components of the percussion choir alone, can be satisfactory, will not seem incomprehensible to those who realize that the battery, as it has been augmented and diversified by the newer composers, is perfectly capable of functioning as a sonorous unit. In more than one recent score the ensemble of percussion and friction instruments has come to include groups of pieces corresponding to the high and low string and wind instruments. And in the startlingly enlarged battery which composes the orchestra of "Ionization," as Slonimsky has pointed out to us, there exist definite soprano, alto, tenor and bass groups, susceptible of combination in four-part harmonies. The score also calls for two sirens; and these instruments, of course, are capable of running continuous ascending and descending scales.

And not once during the performance had one cause to feel the limitation of the monstrous special medium the composer was so originally exploiting. The form which comprised the inordinate, delicate, overwhelming volumes of sound, apparently a three-part song, was clear; and seemed so not only to the present somewhat prejudiced reviewer but to a goodly number of the professionally musical members of the Pan-American's audience; many of them former skeptics of Varèse's power and importance. The performance created, sustained and then released again a high nervous-physical tension. And subjected to it, one felt life wonderfully afresh in its very inhuman, dynamic processes. One felt oneself amid, and still upon, the surface of some new ocean of heaving, bursting, strangely sensitive matter; and found oneself filled with a power and preparedness born of this new vision of the intense way and orderliness of things.

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Clumsy upon the whole as was the performance which the operatic pupils of the Juilliard School of Music recently gave the five scenes from Monteverde's "Coronation of Poppaea" restored by d'Indy, it nevertheless did not prevent the thrilling quality of the unfamiliar work from appearing sufficiently strongly to justify André Suarès' verdict that the old Mantuan composer was "the first great Italian artist successive to Michaelangelo." Nature as it exists in man breathed directly on one through the medium of the grand, vigorous and melancholy two-hundred-and-ninety-year-old music-drama; in all the fullness of its passionateness, nobility, misery, violence, blindness and almost infinite capacity for dealing and enduring pain. To few of the audience could it have been anything but clear that while Wagner, Moussorgsky, Debussy and the rest of Monteverde's posterity broadly increased the scope of the means common to them all, the intensity and veracity of the transmission they achieved did not often surpass that attained through it by their ancestor.

He appears to have been one of the first of the musicians who increased the power of their art, and made modern music the glory it is, through the circumstance that in them the artist was combined with and redoubled by the thinker and the seeker for the truth. The business of making merely lovely music, certainly, does not seem ever to have been Monteverde's affair. From wellnigh the beginning, as one of his commentators avers, "he did not cast his inspirations onto the paper as they rose in his head, but thought incessantly about them, forcing himself to harmonize them with certain personal theories dictated by his heart and his reason." Thus from the first he seems to have had an object whose proper expression he studied and with which he strove to make his conceptions agree; and there can be little doubt that this object was the burning human core as life unconsciously revealed it. Even in his early madrigals, he is to be found seeking to "utter something human"; and if he finally exhausted the expressive possibilities of the form or, as some say, ruined it, it was chiefly in the effort to make it communicate emotional states more complex than the devotional or simply sad or joyful ones musicians before himself had been content to express. His exploitation of the various novel devices, from the chord of the dominant seventh to the string tremolo, with whose invention he is commonly accredited, seems also to have been dictated by his desire to utilize every one of the means by which his medium might be made to capture and embrace, not so much through imitation as through generalization the large reality which attracted him. And the early tendency to observe nature and to respect the truth continued actually to develop as he grew older: the scores which contain Monteverde's most daring manipulations of his medium in sympathy with human situations and strong types of emotional conditions, such as, say, his method of breaking up notes to suggest human agitation, date from the latter, the Venetian, period of his long life. But if in the music-drama usually considered his greatest, the one the Juilliard pupils introduced to New York, we find him striving to transmit not only the surges of what are commonly called the passions, but the moral elevation and philosophical afflatus of a Seneca, extraordinary as it is, the phenomenon need not surprise us. Monteverde's subject had always been the whole inner life and world of man; and few dramatists have rendered what they have known of it more touchingly, or for that matter, more austerely, than he.

That he stopped at the frontiers of what has sometimes been considered "the proper study of mankind," was probably due not so much to the ideas of his epoch, which was after all as speculative as it was classical, as to the resourcelessness of his instrumental means. The suggestions of the life of something beyond the human being as well as within him, which occurs in the scenes of his "Orféo" representing the hero's descent into and emergence from the underworld, and in the descriptive passages of "The Combat of Tancred and Clorinda," probably attain the limits of this kind of expression accessible to Monteverde's miserable aggregation of instruments. And the line leading from him to dramatists like Wagner and Debussy and symphonists like Mahler and Varèse who have induced their media to express nature as it envelops man no less than as it moves within him is, after all, really a very straight one. Their grand object was Monteverde's very own, in certain of its manifestations merely unknown to him or beyond the grasp of his relatively primitive means. And his very own, too, was the passion with which they studied and strove to make their conceptions eternally true to the universal "thing."

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Homeless Americans

SIR: At a division point near here on the Southern Pacific Railroad hundreds of men, women, boys and children stop daily. The Salvation Army maintains a shelter where lodging and two meals are furnished to all who may apply. These people ride the freights, clinging to the stanchions of the oil-tank cars, sprawled over flats and gondolas, crowded within the narrow bunkers of the "reefers," or refrigerator cars, packed like sardines in box cars.

Ten percent of the riders are women, many with babies in arms; boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one predominate. Ex-service men, minus legs, arms, fingers, are among the hordes. Ninety-five percent are American born. The border guards pick up the aliens for investigation and possible deportation.

A few nights ago a young woman, accompanied by her husband, he carrying an eighteen-months-old child, was taken from a box car in labor. Two hours later she gave birth to a child!

No professional tramps, yeggs or crooks are among the crowds. The latter never seek shelter from "Sally." The itinerants belong to the army of recently employed. Russia has the last laugh.

Tucson, Ariz. E. P. REED.

Hitler and Culture

SIR: The new German Ambassador may, while refusing to answer questions, insist that conditions in Germany are "normal," but I have recently received a long letter from one of the most distinguished men in Germany, which proves conclusively that the worst that has happened in Germany has not yet reached American ears. I cannot name the author of this letter, because it would be a betrayal, nor can I give my own, because it might lead to serious consequences to him, but it is perfectly clear that the present German government is made up of brutes and reactionaries who, in the effort to obtain power, are waging war not only upon Jews but upon all that is fine and valuable in German culture. Here is the letter with a few immaterial omissions, which I feel bound to make in order that the identity of the writer may not become known.

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My very dear Friend:

Your hope that the Prussian government would spare culture has, alas, not been fulfilled. The Prussian Ministry of Education has been wrecked (though I believe no Jew has occupied an important post in it). I am told that the commissioner who carried out this awful task behaved well in his personal relations but confessed that he was acting under irresistible pressure. That men of the caliber of those who constituted the Prussian Ministry of Education should be dismissed without notice will show you plainly that the things happening in Germany are explicable only upon the grounds of party politics and nothing else.

As I see what is happening about us, I conclude that you get a far fairer picture of the situation from foreign newspapers than you obtain from German newspapers. A few days ago The Times (London) printed an article from the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, and that was enough to bring to the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung notice that it would be suppressed if any such incident happened again. To characterize the present situation I need only give you a few examples without accompanying them with any comment such as would certainly bring me into the most serious difficulties. I mention, for example, the fact that Bruno Walter last week was not permitted to direct a symphony concert in Leipzig, that he is forbidden next Monday to direct a concert here in Berlin, that Stiedry, despite his great success, has been summarily forbidden ever again to return to the theatre; that Busch, the famous Dresden director, has also been dismissed because he does not belong to the present ruling group; that even the presentation of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" has been prohibited, etc., etc. These and similar incidents you will perhaps learn from your newspapers, but the things which do not reach the newspapers are so horrible that I do not dare to write them down.

With hearty greetings,

Your devoted friend,
X——

To the foregoing I may add that I have cables and letters from German professors sent from Italy and Switzerland and requesting replies directed to these two countries which more than bear out the letter which I have quoted above.

Y——

New York City.

Scotch

SIR: Is it strange that "the lessons of the Russian Revolution have been conned more carefully by the capitalists than by most of the workers"—as Mr. Cowley says in his review of Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution"—when one considers the price of 5/7 of a cent a page set on the particular lesson in question? This contrasts with less than 1/2 of a cent a page for the current New Republic—with pages twice as large. Is it not time the porcine book trade were deflated?

I am using a postcard in protest against the three-cent letter postage, thus pinching the penny they reached for, and another for good measure. Imitation welcomed.

E. M. Moore.

Warrenville, Ill.

Banks in the Bay State

SIR: The banking holiday necessarily affected other financial institutions, especially life insurance. Now that the smoke and disturbance have cleared away, the comparison between Massachusetts Savings Bank Life Insurance and other kinds should leave Massachusetts a proud community and, I trust, a grateful one—grateful above all to Mr. Justice Brandeis. Nearly twenty-five years ago he brought this service into being. At the end of that sufficient trial period came the crisis. By that time Savings Bank Life Insurance had won over all other kinds at every apparent point. As Mr. B. Preston Clark has pointed out, labor in a typical Massachusetts factory was getting 5 percent greater net wages by buying life-insurance protection in this cheap market. And the crisis has proved that this was something safer as well as better.

The risks are divided among twenty-one savings banks licensed to have life-insurance sides. That gives great safety. Every one of them is open without ever having needed any moratorium or protection. I forbear to compare their portfolios of investments with those of the old-line companies. The comparison would be truly odorous. And yet it would be no more favorable to Savings Bank Life Insurance than comparison on any other point.

Why does not some good angel or foundation help other states to obtain this benefit? Some such force is needed to face the sales resistance of adverse private interest exercising enormous power. But among the many things which we are going to do to get started straight, what could be better than this? Just think of it! By this form of thrift, wages throughout the United States might be increased 5 percent.

Boston, Mass. Richard W. Hale.

A Bouquet from Kansas City

SIR: Permit me to take off my hat to the man who wrote "The Day of Reckoning" in your issue of April 5.

"Multum in Parvo," is that it? Surely no one since the War has packed so much sound thought and information in so short an article. Thanks to him and you.

Kansas City, Mo. Benj. F. Chambers.

The Meerut Trial

SIR: On January 16 of this year the trial of thirty-one workers of the textile-mills district of Bombay, India, who were accused of the crime of "conspiracy to deprive the King-Emperor of the sovereignty of British India" came to an end in the town of Meerut, India. The form this "conspiracy" took was the organizing and conducting of a strike against a 7.5-percent wage cut affecting over 150,000 textile workers in Bombay and the surrounding districts. The trial was purposely held in the town of Meerut, which is over 800 miles from the scene of the strike.

After nearly four years of imprisonment, twenty-seven of these workers (three of them Englishmen) have been convicted and sentenced to various terms ranging from four years to life banishment to the equatorial penal settlement on the Andaman Islands. Banishment to the Andaman Islands for the "crime" of organizing the workers to fight for the improvement of living conditions (in a country where the living conditions of workers are notoriously low) is regarded by those who know India as tantamount to the death sentence.

This strike, which lasted six months and was marked by tremendous courage on the part of the workers, must not be allowed to pass unnoticed by groups interested in the struggles of the working class. All workers, students, intellectuals and especially trade unionists can protest this crime against the working class most effectively by sending telegrams, resolutions and letters to the British Ambassador in Washington, D. C., to the local British Consuls, and by contributing funds for this purpose to the Anti-Imperialist League, Room 536, 779 Broadway, New York City.

New York City. G. G. L. Little.

Coöperative Distributors

SIR: The individual consumer and the non-profit organizations which serve the needs of millions of people increasingly find themselves victimized in a market motivated solely by private profit. This is largely due to the fact that there exists no machinery under their own control for purchasing tested and approved commodities. This problem, together with the constant tearing down of labor standards, has for over a year been investigated by a group of technicians, coöperators, church and labor people. Their joint research has led to the founding of Coöperative Distributors, Inc., which will function on Rochdale principles as a purchasing agency for non-profit social-service, church, farmer, labor and fraternal organizations and also as a nationwide mail-order distributor for the ultimate consumer.

Distribution of commodities on an "open-formula-openly-arrived-at-basis" is now being initiated under the guidance of competent technicians. The Association will attempt to investigate factory and distributional costs, as well as the conditions under which each commodity is manufactured. This information, it is hoped, will not only aid the ultimate consumer but also supply him with information on the tragedy of waste.

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Further information may be had by writing Coöperative Distributors, Inc., 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York City.

New York City. E. J. LEVER.

Relief for Debtors

SIR: While deflation is still the order of the day something should be done for the multitude of Americans who have lost everything but their self-respect and in addition are burdened with debts which will prove to be a terrific handicap once business begins to pick up. Too proud to go through bankruptcy, they will plod along the rest of their lives trying to pay off a debt for which they were not responsible. Banks, both commercial and savings, loan associations, loan sharks, brokerage houses and practically every other kind of business have debtors on their books whose accounts are considered on a basis of 10 or 20 percent of their claims.

I suggest that Congress enact legislation whereby a family could make a statement to some authority, such as the Home Loan Bank, under the penalty of perjury, that its combined resources were less than, say, 75 percent of its indebtedness. The head of the family would thereupon be empowered to borrow with his wife's signature sufficient money to pay off his creditors on a percentage to be agreed upon. With his debts wiped off the slate he could look forward with courage and hope to the future.

C. C. CLAYTON.

Newton, Mass.

A Correction

SIR: In my review of "Jane Austen's Letters" [The New Republic, March 8], edited by R. W. Chapman, I made an inconceivable blunder for which I should like to apologize to you, to Dr. Chapman and to the Oxford University Press. I said Dr. Chapman had omitted three of the servants from his index to "Mansfield Park." This is untrue. He omitted nobody. On page 567 all the servants are duly indexed. Even if asleep while writing the review I ought to have known that such an editor as Dr. Chapman could not do what I accused him of doing.

PHILIP LITTELL.

Cornish, N. H.

For the Sake of the Record

SIR: For the sake of the record, I should like your readers to be informed that my article, "The Power Age," appearing in The New Republic of April 19, was written by me late in February.

WALTER N. POLAKOV.

New York City.

For the Reappointment of Henderson

SIR: The blow delivered to academic freedom by the dismissal of Donald Henderson from the Economics Department of Columbia University is being answered by a nationwide campaign for Henderson's reappointment. The issue is clear. During the past two years Henderson's leadership in the radical student movement in America, particularly his role in the student trip to the Kentucky strike area, in the Columbia strike for the reëstatement of Reed Harris, and in the campaign to defend Oakley Johnson, resulted in such pressure for his removal that the administration finally acted.

No one with a modicum of intellectual honesty will be misled by the official pronouncement that Henderson's dismissal rests upon academic grounds such as failure to complete the doctor's degree and failure "to apply himself seriously and diligently to his duties as instructor and to maintain the standards of teaching required by the department." Henderson has completed all the course and credit requirements for the doctorate. He has taken successfully the oral examination to which doctoral candidates are subjected. For the past two years he has been engaged in research upon a thesis, the topic of which has been approved by the department. The average time required for completing a thesis is known to be over two years. Some candidates spend seven years at the task. This committee is now assembling data which will show the large number of Columbia staff members, including many above the rank of instructor, who have never received the doctor's degree. The charge concerning Henderson's teaching competence is correctly characterized as contemptible. Students of all grades have testified to his competence and ability. The Junior Seminar in Economics passed a resolution to this effect, voluntarily and unanimously. Columbia has poor teachers, but Henderson is not among them.

Our committee includes representatives of seven Columbia clubs. At other colleges the campaign is moving forward. The Association of University Teachers is definitely behind us. Other organizations are coming in. We will force Henderson's reappointment.

Send telegrams of protest to President Nicholas Murray Butler.

COLUMBIA JOINT COMMITTEE FOR THE REAPPOINTMENT OF DONALD HENDERSON.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

THE NEW REPUBLIC is in receipt of a statement by Eduardo R. Chibas, Washington, D. C., in which he accuses the retiring American Ambassador to Cuba, the Honorable Harry F. Guggenheim, of being "one of those most responsible for the reign of terror that now exists in Cuba." Mr. Chibas believes that Mr. Guggenheim has "followed a diplomatic policy contrary to the general welfare of your country, completely ignoring the principles of liberty and democracy so highly cherished by the people of the United States." He charges that "the assassination on a large scale of men, women and children who are only demanding freedom and justice" in Cuba has been carried on with Mr. Guggenheim's "tacit consent." Several cases are listed where Mr. Guggenheim is said either to have declined to intervene on behalf of Cubans who had been arrested or to have intervened without results. Mr. Chibas quotes a radio commentator in America who praised Machado, and afterward said, "Perhaps I heard only one side of the Machado regime. My authority was the United States Ambassador." . . . We are also in receipt of a communication from Jose I. Rivero, director and editor of the Diario de la Marina, of Havana, replying to the charges of Mr. Chibas. Mr. Rivero says that "the Ambassador of the United States is not the governor of Cuba, or supervisor of the powers of the republic, but the representative of a President and of a government whose policy in our country has been confined for some time past to the easy formula of 'hands off.' . . . Everything I have been able to observe personally causes me to infer that Mr. Guggenheim has not lent his support to either of the two parties in the difficult Cuban situation. . . . If humanitarian sentiments may on some occasion prompt him to take beneficial steps, I consider myself in a condition to assure you, on my word of honor, that nobody in Cuba during the sad present period has acted with more efficacy or lent greater services than Mr. Guggenheim." . . . The Temporary Finance Committee of Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, New York, states that "after canvassing the situation, we are convinced that Brookwood is serving the labor movement as effectively as it ever did. . . . The type of workers' education which Brookwood provides is indispensable." The committee includes E. C. Lindeman, John Dewey, Kirby Page, Evelyn Preston and George S. Counts. . . . Walter Parker, New Orleans, writes to oppose the pending farm bill on the ground that "special advantages already given selfish groups at the expense of the whole people have imposed a burden on the whole which cannot be carried. . . . There is but one way out, and that is to equip the country to function as a creditor nation. The first step is to revise the tariff downward." . . . Bolton Hall, New York City, sends us a copy of a letter to Scott Nearing in which he says: "Monopoly rule has broken down. I think it will be patched up for one more round, but the end is at hand. . . . I expect before another year is out, to find a huge capital levy impending, based on income-tax rates, where Mellon's and Ford's contributions would be, say, $600 million each. . . . When that is imminent, monopoly will prayerfully consider taking, instead, the rent of land, which is created by the people instead of taxes, for the people's public expenses."

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Descent into Russia

Eimi, by E. E. Cummings. New York: Covici, Friede. 432 pages. $3.

MR. CUMMINGS was very glad to get away from Russia; he had found that country hell. From Paris, via Poland, he arrived in Moscow, fortified by much several-weeks-learned-in-Paris Russian, stayed twenty-three days, did not go to see the carefully-prepared-for-tourists sights, did not get a letter from his wife, did not meet Duranty, found the males and females on the street so unindividual that they were almost not men or women, listened to arguments, went to parties, liked a certain scientist, met Americans-in-Russia, found no gayety, no laughter, went much to the theatre, did not speak to—not even meet—a single worker or peasant, nor visit a single factory, nor dam, nor workers' quarters, nor workers' clubs, nor a prophylactic station. He was made to pay in dollars, he was overcharged, the food was awful, and he had to wait, there was inefficiency, no letter from his wife, and he thought no creative art could come out of this.

Then he went to Kiev, where he stayed the night. Then to Odessa. On the train he had to ride "hard," when he had paid for "soft." In Odessa he was forced to wait. Trouble with the visa. He met an illegal competitor of the Intourist who illegally softened Mr. Cummings' stay. (It seems the Intourist is very inefficient, although there is a contradiction later on, someone tells him of a luxurious train with private bathrooms.) Mr. Cummings, to help out his benefactor, bought out of the Torgsin swell bourgeois provisions, and received a smile from his benefactor's wife. He hated Russia more. When finally everything was settled, and Mr. Cummings had boarded the rickety, unsafe, probably-will-drown-us-all Communistic steamer, and had gone to sleep dreaming of Paradise in the West, when he awakened and looked sea-thirsty out of the porthole Odessa was still there.

But even a nightmare comes to an eventual end, and Mr. Cummings landed in Constantinople, where he met a family of very nice Americans, and the beer was real; and he took the Orient Express, and sat upon its clean and legal softness, and came back to Paris.

He had kept a diary, and this book is it. It is written in Mr. Cummings' familiar and poetic style, much more obscure than "The Enormous Room," and not so effective. Occasionally the pattern weaves in loveliness, especially when Mr. Cummings longs to get away from Russia; but then again the thought and emotion are more involved, the exquisiteness of feeling so far transcends the common English language that the page becomes a puzzle, and there is no clue, no key. We do not know all of Mr. Cummings' private jokes, and since his rapture is not always recollected in tranquillity, his expression of it does not always provoke rapture in us. Besides, he uses not only the familiar and unfamiliar English. Those readers who are not acquainted with the languages of the French, the Germans, Mr. Cummings' version of the Russian and a little Polish, will find this book yet more difficult to read. They will find the often-heard story: one honor of one Russian girl equals one pair of silk stockings. They will find one very good dirty story about the whiskers of Karl Marx, written in plain English. They will find how Mr. Cummings was horrified by how ugly naked people are when taking mud baths.

The publishers say: "Fundamentally, 'Eimi' constitutes the epic reaction of a human being to a transcendent experience." It constitutes nothing of the kind. The experience may have been transcendent, but Mr. Cummings was hardly feeling epic. It is not enough to give one's guide the name of Virgil. One also has to be a Dante. I don't remember how many days Dante stayed in hell, but it seems that a month in Russia is not quite enough, especially when most of that month was spent in the search for *peevoh*. Beer in Russia before the revolution was, is, and maybe always will be bad. But even Mr. Cummings admits the vodka is good. And bureaucratic inefficiency, red tape, waiting in line, mobs at the railway station, the chaos of almost Orient, those were the attributes of Russia before the revolution, and are the attributes of other Slavic countries, such as Poland, today; and if they also now exist in Russia, at least they are not accompanied by the indolence of office, or by graft.

The rest of Russia Mr. Cummings missed. He did not go into the shops, the factories, the homes of those who work; he did not visit farms, he did not talk with peasants; at no time did he "transcend," dissociate himself from old experience; never sought to imagine this land for no one but the workers, this place where such as him the leaders are frankly trying to annihilate. He speaks nostalgically of the spring at home, as if only at home does spring smell sweet, and the cattle low, and the birds sing. Mr. Cummings did not see spring in Russia. He hardly even looked out of the window in the train. He had stood in line, he had had trouble with his passport, he had eaten unimaginably awful food, and the beer wasn't even beer, it was *peevoh*. Thankfully he went back to Paris, where, since the Germans have begun to export it, the beer is very good.

NATHAN ASCH.

Novels—A Fortnight's Grist

Miss Lonelyhearts, by Nathanael West. New York: Liveright, Inc. $2.

Forest Fire, by Rex Stout. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Damascus Lies North, by Edward Thompson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.35.

Kettle, by Gustav Eckstein. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Solal, by Albert Cohen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.40.

A GREAT many people, in these disgraceful years, are openly cynical about their jobs. Few have a better right than newspapermen. It is hard to see, for instance, how a man whose daily job it is to write a column of advice to the lovelorn can at the same time take his job seriously and do it well (that is, acceptably to his employers). It is a dirty job, in the plainest sense of the words. What happens to such a man when the dirt begins to get under his skin is the subject of "Miss Lonelyhearts," a centrifugal extravaganza, patched together by lovelorn letters quite horrible enough to be actual facsimiles.

"Forest Fire" is a curious example of misdirected energy. Mr. Stout wanted to write a tragedy (Why? Because an "unhappy ending" is a sign of serious intentions?) but he was much too temperamentally cheerful to get away with it. His story of young love in the pine woods of Montana is as glowing as a guidebook; though he tries to introduce sinister implications in the person of a snub-nosed, strong and silent introvert whose jealous fondness for the hero brings about the melodramatic climax, the outdoors atmosphere is much too healthy for that kind of thing. It's a pity Mr. Stout didn't stick to shepherding his pastoral muttons

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instead of offering them up on the altar of a completely unknown god.

A few years ago, when old soldiers had recovered their breath sufficiently to talk, Edward Thompson wrote a novel about the Mesopotamian campaign ("These Men Thy Friends") which ranks high among bitterly authentic war memoirs. Perhaps even old soldiers have only one such book in them; when they try to repeat the performance it usually falls flat. Mr. Thompson has again laid his story in the Near Eastern theatre of war (this time it is Palestine, in the closing days of Allenby's campaign) but to the theme of comradeship are added the weakening complications of love. Two friends, both English officers, fall in love with two American girls, members of the American Relief Force; in the final drive to Damascus one of the officers is killed. Mr. Thompson's story is quietly and seriously told, but it does not move us much or tell us anything that we have not known for a long time: it seems, in these days, more than a little out of date.

Mr. Eckstein's foreshortened style of writing sounds sometimes like a more objective Sherwood Anderson and sometimes like Ernest Hemingway getting technical about bullfighting, but most of the time he sounds like himself—like a simplified foreigner translated into the idiom of America. It is a style that suits his subject. His hero, Vladimir Munck, was a pianist and composer who deserted a promising career to head a super-academy of music in New York. In his simplicity it took him a long while to see that he was being made a helpless supernumerary in an educational factory of which he completely disapproved. By the time he resigned he had lost health, prestige, friends and much valuable time. But he had enough strength left to do one good job before he died. Mr. Eckstein's thesis: that creation can come only out of suffering, is simple, unpopular and perennially true; his exposition of it is itself a creative effort.

"Solal" is a rare book. It is a first novel, and yet it has almost all the earmarks of maturity. It is a Jewish novel, by a Jew who is neither a wailer nor a renegade. And though it contains passages of the most grotesque comedy, ultra-French seduction scenes, a lengthy Mrs. Bloom soliloquy and a final essay into parable, the whole interspersed with comments from the author and ending with an Oriental blessing on the reader's head ("You who have read, I greet you and I smile on you. . . . May God preserve you.")—its total effect is one of unified experience. The story never attempts to stick very close to probability. It records the melodramatic rise and ruin of a young, gifted and handsome Jew, Solal, in his adopted country, France. Though he has a way with women and a lust for the world, his blood-religion never quite lets him damn himself: it wrecks his worldly career and saves him at the end from madness. All Jewish books are tinged with religious feeling, but "Solal" is religious in the same way in which Dostoevsky's novels are. Naturally, it has what few present-day novels even seek to attain—depth of perspective. Its author's technique cannot properly be compared with the experimental styles of such writers as Dos Passos, but alongside "Solal," "The 42nd Parallel" seems about as moving as a newsreel.

Propagandists might take all the leaves they can snatch out of Mr. Cohen's notebook; they would still be as far afield as they are today unless they could also discover for themselves the secret which Mr. Cohen has found, which is the secret of all religious writing, and which is incommunicable.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Man of Property

New Letters of James Russell Lowell, edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. New York: Harper and Brothers. 381 pages. $4.

FOUR MILES from Boston stood Elmwood, the high, square Georgian house looming white behind tall trees and above green, placid lawns. Even today, high-school teachers from the Middle West stare at the wide building. To gratify a sense of awe, the boldest of these step across the threshold, for it was here that James Russell Lowell once lived and the grand house was his.

The house is Lowell's tomb, his shrine and, mercifully, a good nine-tenths of what he has written is forgotten. The name itself, "Lowell," is quite enough to remember, and its association with a Harvard dynasty. It was this particular J. R. Lowell who once urged his colleagues to make way for a young instructor, Charles W. Eliot, and again it was he who founded The Atlantic Monthly. Of course everyone remembers "What is so rare as a day in June," but after a line or two of sticky sentiment from "The Courtin'," in "The Bigelow Papers," the impression grows vague. Those who recall "The Fable for Critics" are reminded of its facility and its shallow wit, which now seems grounded upon a singular insensitiveness to literary values.

This volume of new letters will do nothing toward reestablishing Lowell's reputation, and if anything will be a further contribution to its decline. Here is the intimate correspondence that Charles Eliot Norton wisely omitted from the official selection of letters which appeared in two bulky, buckram-bound books, with an air of dignity suitable for preserving the social caste of an ex-ambassador to the Court of St. James. The exposé of Lowell in this single volume is quite unintentional, for Mr. Howe is in much the same innocently difficult position that William Dean Howells found himself in when writing his recollections of Lowell for Scribner's Magazine in 1900. As in Howell's sketch, so in these new letters, it is the squire of Elmwood who is alive, the man who wishes, above all things, to be charming, to shine with a mellow light in select, provincial society. But the art of charm grows slowly; and even granting the conventions of Victorian fatherhood, Lowell's early letters to his daughter convey an impression of horror. It is not the sentimentality that is repellent; what turns us from him is the continual straining after effect, of creating sympathy for poor papa's headaches and backaches, of leaning full-weight upon the child's emotions and giving in return an assortment of variegated charm as one might give a bouquet of artificial flowers to an actress at the stage door.

But it would be a mistake to regard these letters as a record of failure; they contain a success story. From a blundering note to John Ruskin to the genial, banal correspondence with Henry James, there is steady rise in Lowell's graph of social charm. Success at Madrid and London had given him confidence. It is true that his duties at either post were not put to any unusual strain; the notoriety earned by "The Bigelow Papers" was quite to his advantage. He occupied much the same position as Will Rogers does today, that of the reactionary provincial clothing his platitudes in homespun wit. But he could also dress them in black knee-breeches and carry them to court. No doubt the English were surprised to encounter a man of culture who uttered the correct opinions about Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes—and this again was quite agreeable. This quite agreeable person made many friends, among them

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Leslie Stephen. It was said at the time (1880) that Lowell's head had been turned by his success, that he had become an Anglophile. I think not. He had merely added a few British details to Elmwood, of which he remained the squire.

His timid, half-indolent scholarship, his pretensions to literary fame, his writing of odes for Phi Beta Kappa dinners, all were backward glances toward its shady lawns and authentically Georgian doorway. Go to the threshold and meet again his ghost, and see again the slow smile behind his beard, and observe how the handsome features, the broad white forehead and kindly eyes, can be distorted by the quick, savage anger of a spoiled child. You have only to mention Whitman, Thoreau, Darwin, or anyone whose action, either by implication or directly, has assailed the security of Elmwood's orchards and the twilight view across its fields, down to the River Charles

HORACE GREGORY.

The Age of Marlborough

England under Queen Anne: Ramillies and the Union with Scotland, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 483 pages. $5.

"DEAD AS Queen Anne" has been a household expression in England since the glorious days of Dean Swift. This attempt to revive her memory is peculiarly fitting, coming as it does from the grand-nephew of that entrancing historian who did so much to belittle her. Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has, curiously enough, taken for his hero the Duke of Marlborough, the very man whom Lord Macaulay attacked as a traitor and double-dealer. The story is built around that scintillating genius who never fought a battle without a victory or besieged a town without success. Yet Marlborough was thwarted constantly by the selfish fears and jealousy of the Dutch and Imperialists. With proper support from Prince Eugene and the Dutch after his decisive victory at Ramillies in 1706, he might possibly have marched to Paris. The great duke was also a consummate diplomat, for it required infinite tact and the patience of Job to obtain coöperation from the obstinate Dutch, the procrastinating Austrians and the grasping German princes.

The present volume, the second in Mr. Trevelyan's general history of "England under Queen Anne," covers the glorious years from Blenheim in 1704 to Oudenarde in 1708, and concerns itself mainly with domestic politics, the Scottish Union and the War of the Spanish Succession. The book is all too brief, and in places seems too condensed. The scholar might well ask for more light on how the Union was brought about. Since other writers have recently devoted so much attention to Marlborough's battles, we would gladly spare a part of the interesting accounts of Ramillies and Oudenarde in return for a more adequate description of the equally significant battle of Turin. The treatment smacks a bit of the old fife and drum history, which has gone out of fashion in some quarters. The author feels called upon, perhaps too frequently, to rally to the support of "perfidious Albion." This is due in part to the fact that the book is intended for the general English reader as well as for the scholar, but the author's bias is probably the greater because he relies so largely upon English materials.

The momentous significance of the capture of Minorca and the retention of Gibraltar is properly emphasized, but the importance of Spain, and particularly of the Spanish Indies, to a commercial nation like England, which sought also to derive some of the sinews of war from the mines of the New World, is underestimated. There is likewise a failure to realize that the accession of Charles III of Spain to the Imperial throne completely changed the diplomatic situation. Furthermore, the attempt to form a middle party did not end with the triumph of the Whig junto in 1708, for Harley sought to obtain a similar arrangement after the Tory landslide of 1710. Lord Somers and Defoe probably played more important roles in effecting the union than is suggested here. The reviewer is gratified that his characterizations of the notables of the reign have, after a dozen years, gone unchallenged by the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

Professor Trevelyan has made less use of the more obvious sources than in his first volume. Except in the treatment of the Union, he seems to have utilized but little the pamphlets and plays which were so abundant. He has unfortunately neglected the Admiralty and War Office manuscripts in the Record Office, as well as an untold wealth of unpublished documents in French archives. Modern scholars will note these things with sorrow; they will bewail the absence of a formal, annotated bibliography, and criticize the esoteric character of some of the footnotes and the anonymity of the quotations, of which there are six on pages 169-170 without a single specific reference. But the scholar's loss is perhaps the general reader's gain. Both will agree, in any case, that the arrangement is masterly and—though the style of the second volume is somewhat less sprightly than the first—that no more readable account in English of the period has been written.

WILLIAM THOMAS MORGAN.

Tilly's Punctured Romances

Memoirs of the Comte Alexandre de Tilly. Translated by Françoise Delisle; Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 532 pages. $4.

JACQUES-PIERRE ALEXANDRE, Comte de Tilly, wore his rue with a difference. He would have been shocked at the levity of Stendhal, who wrote to an English friend announcing his own discovery of these memoirs, "He had many women: nothing surprising in that. *But he loved them.*" The delicacy of a man who, roused up from the passionate warmth of a lady's bed and forced to fight a duel in her presence, dares only to hint that he was naked would certainly have resented Stendhal's italicized surprise. For Tilly, love was a serious business. It was a pursuit, a profession; it involved the whole man; it was ratiocination and sin. In the technique of seduction, you capped a lady's virtuous argument with a more forceful argument. You touched her knee, but also you touched her mind with an adequacy and amount of language that gave even the most casual encounter the nature of a touching essay. The argument might grow boisterous and gay, but its subject was serious. The lady swooned, finally, upon a major and minor premise into the conclusion.

Tilly's memoirs are not a series of vulgar boastings; they are moral tracts, interspersed with illustrations. Writing from exile at the age of forty or so, he could write with a retrospective flourish. A personal inconvenience had become history: the French Revolution had happened without much cause that Tilly could see and Napoleon was ravaging Europe. Tilly's head was safe on his shoulders. He had tried to walk, even drag, he assures us, toward the nearest exit, but at last he had to break into a feverish ru

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which landed him in the chill waters of the English Channel, floundering aboard a smuggler's boat. Now from a safe though penurious distance he can, Hamlet-like, contemplate the curious separation that left so many pretty bodies on one side of the knife and prettier heads on the other. (Tilly seems to have remarked a lady's face more than her figure.) These bloody episodes called for Shakespeare, Virgil, classical tags of all sorts, for Tilly was a man of taste, even of learning. He himself wrote verses; if he had applied himself, we learn, he would have equaled Dorçat. History had quickened him; history had made him sharp, so sharp that he fleeced a Senator Bingham of Philadelphia out of a goodly sum of money to feather his exile. Unfortunately Tilly was improvident.

He longed to drag his beautiful soul away from the occupations of his handsome body into the contemplative life. He was always back again, writing in letters of genuine blood to the only woman who, each time, had stirred his heart. (A pin prick, he tells us, gave enough for an epistle. One lady replied in rouge and water.) Just so the careworn executive finds himself back at his desk dictating letters about the latest load of pig-iron, when really he wants to be in the serene peace of the Maine woods. Vanity of vanities, says Tilly at forty, especially vain being money and love.

Not at all oddly it was the former which brought about his death: in 1816 he blew his brains out in Brussels because he had been robbed at cards. The male butterfly was at last broken, but his lectures to the ant have survived.

KENNETH WHITE.

Book Notes

AMERICANA

THE ORIENT IN AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTALISM, by Arthur Christy. *New York: Columbia University Press. 382 pages. $4.*

Romain Rolland in his "Prophets of the Nineteenth Century" writes: "It would be a matter of deep interest to know exactly how far the American spirit had been impregnated, directly or indirectly, by the infiltration of Hindu thought during the nineteenth century; for there can be no doubt that it has contributed to the strange moral and religious mentality of the modern United States. . . . It is a psychological problem of the first order, intimately connected with the history of our civilization." Mr. Christy's book may be said to be a response to this challenge of Rolland's. It is a first volume, as it were, in a larger field of investigation; its concern is with Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott. This volume records the readings of these men and their friends in the literature of the Brahmins, the importance to them of the "Bhagavadgita," of the Confucian Canon, of the Sufis. The concluding part of the volume takes up the verdict of the Orient on the results of these American reflections of another culture, and a discussion of the eclectic synthesis that the minds of Thoreau, Emerson and Alcott achieved.

TRAVEL

ARGENTINE TANGO, by Philip Guedalla. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 254 pages. $3.*

The zoölogist returns from voyages with bones, the archeologist with shards, and Guedalla with vestiges of wit. No part of his holiday has failed to amuse him. He has caught the voice of Argentina in the measures of its tango, and divided his impressions under headings named after the different movements of that dance. He begins by expressing dissatisfactions with conventional travel stories and with the Monroe Doctrine; neither of his complaints is new. He likes South America and, while he is liking it, France, England and the United States suffer. There are stories of life on shipboard: shark fishing, uncomfortable winds, boxing matches, masquerades and strange shipfellows; ashore, accounts of the luxuries of travel, rides behind untrustworthy chauffeurs, gun-powder dramas of the past, lunch at a yacht club, heavy rains, speech-making in Spanish, the extreme flatness of the Pampas, the incongruous tropical beauty of Rio and the social felicity of the old and large British colony in Buenos Aires. Th gay pages are livened with sprightly and diverting references to Victorian, Continental and other human affairs which make this book not so descriptive of Argentina as it is of Guedalla's entertaining mind.

WHAT PRICE MALLORCA, by Percy Waxman. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 237 pages. $2.50.*

The shy beauty of Mallorquin bays and mountains and orchards does not depend on the presence or the absence of museums, casinos, golf courses or music festivals. The sociological and scenic vividness of Corfu, Capri, Lussin, Mykonos, Mauritius or Moorea is not there; what Mallorca offers is an easy measure of peace and comfort and sun to those who have come to transfer their peace of mind to a landscape which is cheaper and more beautiful than their native one. The *épopée* of an island goes in three stages. At first the foreigners exploit the natives, and then the natives exploit the foreigners; the final advantage rests with the natives for, after all, they own their island. They realize that prices cannot be raised too high; and a mature, natural balance of armed expediency maintains itself as it does elsewhere. Mr. Waxman, whose book tells in a mild way what the average person is likely to see, like and dislike during a moderate stay, is testy with those he hints do not agree with him, and uses that standard kind of traveler's humor which is the weariest of all humors. Incredible bargains in Mallorca are gone but palpable ones remain. Ineffectuals and the rest of the post-war bestiary do not pass through shut doors, and American Bars do not run out on the street and bite the pedestrian. The mountains, the olive and the fruit orchards will stand a good many more villas, the bays more sails, the skyline endless walkers; and the sunsets, whatever is mortal.

WORLD POLITICS

AGRICULTURAL SYSTEMS OF MIDDLE EUROPE, a symposium edited by O. S. Morgan. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 405 pages. $5.*

A composite presentation of agricultural conditions in middle Europe, done by authorities from the respective countries considered. The book contains valuable bibliographies and original material.

CHINA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS: 1917-1931, by Robert T. Pollard. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 426 pages. $3.50.*

A carefully documented presentation of Chinese diplomatic history since the Great War. This book provides a satisfactory background for a study of the Sino-Japanese conflict. The author is assistant professor of Oriental Studies at the University of Washington.

FOREIGN POLICY FROM A BACK BENCH, 1904-1918, a study based on the papers of Lord Noël-Buxton, by T. P. Conwell-Evans. *New York: Oxford University Press. 200 pages. $2.50.*

One of the facts which this book aims to establish is that in Great Britain Parliament has no real control over the conduct of foreign affairs. This is undoubtedly true, but it is also probably true that partly because of long established, varied and extensive foreign interests, and partly because of the numerous leisure class with a tradition of public service, foreign policy is subjected in Great Britain to more searching public criticism than in most other countries. This book shows how a private Liberal M. P., usually in association with other private members, tried to influence the conduct of foreign policy both before and during the War. On the whole, he failed. But it does not appear that he was invariably right and the Foreign Office invariably wrong. Thus, immediately after the outbreak of the War he tried to gain concessions for Bulgaria in order to bring her over to the side of the Entente. But Sir Edward Grey was after a bigger fish, namely Italy, and commitments to Bulgaria would have involved

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counter-commitments to Serbia which would have rendered impossible certain engagements to Italy. The real lesson one learns from this book is that *imperialistic* foreign policy is so delicate a business that it must be conducted secretly and independently of the people's representatives in Parliament.

Fiction

MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS, by Edith Olivier. *New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.*

After Mr. Chilvester's two wives died without leaving him a male heir, he turned to his ancestral home for self-expression and assumed the role of museum keeper with fanatical relish. The story deals with the tragedy of his two daughters, whom he tried to keep, like everything else in the house, immune from the "polluting" influence of the present. In the end, Mr. Chilvester himself goes mad after losing a long series of litigations and being forced to install a modern drainage system in the house where he had permitted nothing that did not belong to another century. As in her previous novel, "Dwarf's Blood," Miss Olivier writes skillfully and gracefully about a situation in which we find it hard to believe.

PAPA LA FLEUR, by Zona Gale. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.*

When Bellock visits Portage, looking for sites for a cable tower, he destroys the contentment of Papa La Fleur by taking away his daughter. Papa La Fleur becomes "like a little old lion who has remembered his power." Bereft, he will visit a possession that remains to him, and attempts to paddle over the river to his island, but fails. Linnie, the girl, returns, but defiantly, and again he fails to cross the river, this time tragically. The secrecy between two generations is condemned as cruelty. There is a precipitation about these characters and a telescoping of action which give the story the aspect of the theatre. Zona Gale does a flower-bed with very real feminine charm, but her relations with her characters are often so tender that they fail. The slip into sentiment is especially apparent at the end of the story, when "She went toward him, one more in that procession, old and long."

Contributors

Joshua Kunitz, writer and lecturer, who recently returned from Russia, where he made an extended tour of the agricultural sections, is at present secretary of the National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners.

Egon Erwin Kisch, an officer during the War in the Austrian army, is the author of a number of books on China, the United States and other countries. He was for a time professor in the Moscow School of Journalism.

Nathan Asch, the author of three novels, "Pay Day," "Love in Chartres" and "The Office," is at present in Hollywood, where he has been writing for the talkies and working on another novel.

T. S. Matthews, who is the literary editor of Time, has published one novel, "To the Gallows I Must Go," and is at present at work on another.

Horace Gregory, critic and poet, is the author of a translation of Catullus and of two volumes of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," which was published in this country and in England, and "No Retreat," which appeared this spring under the imprint of Harcourt, Brace.

William Thomas Morgan is professor of History at Indiana University and the author of "English Political Parties and Leaders in the Reign of Queen Anne," and of numerous articles on modern England. He recently received a grant from the American Council of Learned Societies to complete a comprehensive bibliography of British history from 1700 to 1715.

Kenneth White, who has been writing plays and criticism, is now in Connecticut completing a novel.

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"Neitzsche: Beyond Good and Evil—The Relation of Moral Philosophy to the Philosophy of Government."

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PROFESSOR IRWIN EDMAN
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